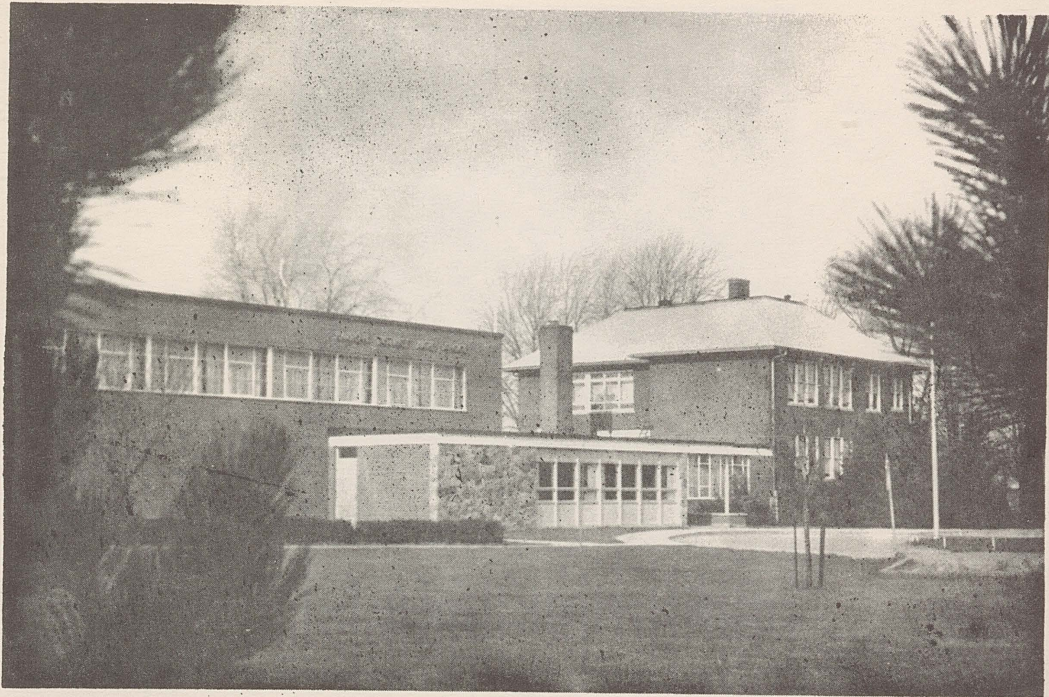


NARRATOR

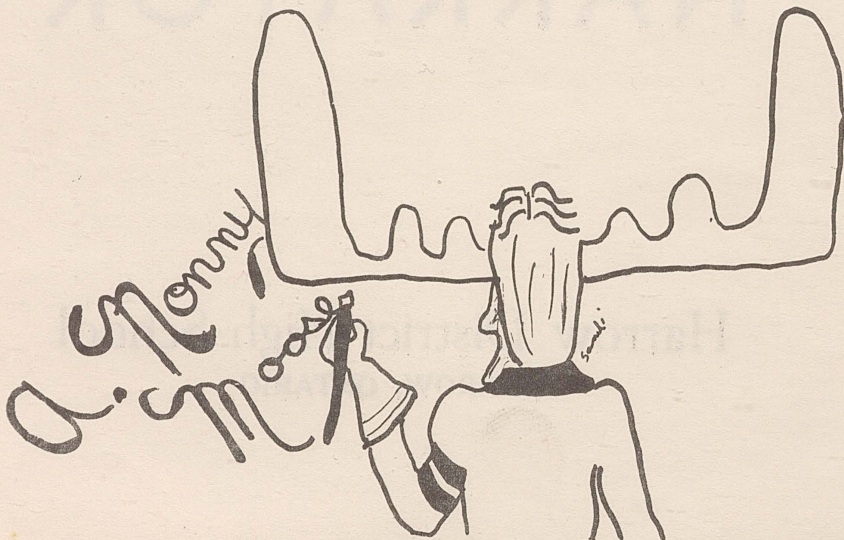
62-63



The 1962 - 63
NARRATOR

Harrow District High School
HARROW, ONTARIO

AUTOGRAPHS





PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

The graduating students leave their mark on their school as, of course, the school leaves her mark on them. This year it is a particularly good mark on them. Remember that your school contributes to you in proportion as you contribute to her. Remember too that this reciprocity does not end with graduation. You will find that it follows you all through your life.

You may say, "What have I given? I didn't score the winning goal. What honours have I brought to the school?" You contributed when you gave your best efforts in class room. When you asked a question or gave an answer, even an incorrect answer. When you turned out for football or volleyball, competed in public speaking, participated in club activities, assisted with the play, served on the Year Book Committee or the Students' Council. You all have talents. When you use them they are returned to you many fold.

Judging by the quality of our Graduating Class many of you have contributed beyond the call of duty. As a reward you will be granted your Diploma, but, you will collect the real dividends throughout the years that lie ahead.

As you proceed to further endeavours our very best wishes are with you. You will make us proud of you I know.

Come back to see us when you can.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "G. C. Young".

—G. C. YOUNG, Principal.

TEACHING STAFF



Front Row: Mr. Whelan, Mrs. McKeen, Miss Lonsbery, Mr. G. Young, Mrs. Quenneville, Mrs. Newman, Mr. Pouget.

Back Row: Mr. McLeod, Mr. E. Young, Mr. McTavish, Mr. Barwick, Mr. Renwick, Mr. Heaney, Mr. Quenneville, Mr. Harrison,
Mr. Roberts. Absent: Miss Chauvin.

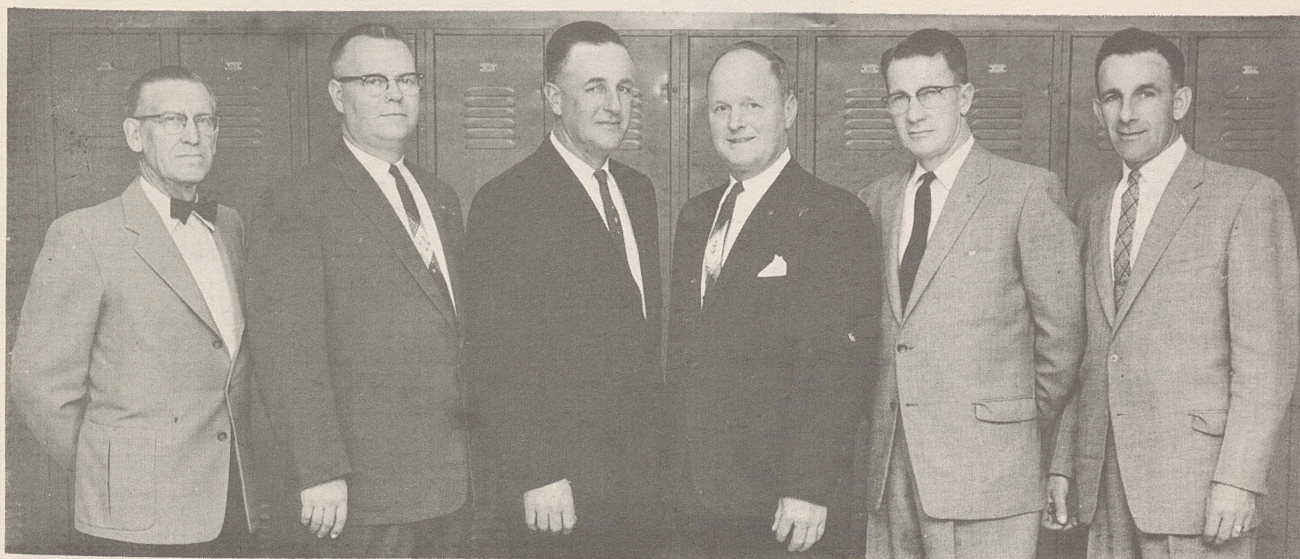
"STAFF'S LAFFS"

MR. POUGET: Just outside the windows in the History Room (2) there stands a large tree which serves as the home for a family of squirrels. One day, the adventurous little black one came to the window and peered into the room in the midst of a History lesson. One might conclude from this either that History is a very fascinating subject or that the little fellow was merely looking for nuts.

MRS. NEWMAN: Transhumance — is the practice among farmers in mountainous regions of moving their heads from the valleys to the mountains for the summer and back again for the winter.

MR. RENWICK.: Because of pressure from Parliament, the king was forced to advocate his throne.

SCHOOL BOARD



Left to Right: Dr. A. Hildebrand, Mr. C. Webster, Mr. J. Lonsberry, Mr. R. Pollard, Mr. K. Buchanan, Mr. R. Clark.

Best Wishes from the Board

Each year I consider it a privilege to comment in your year book.

The development of this country depends not only on its natural resources, but also its human resources. In order for Canada to take her place among the nations of the world, she must endeavour to develop these resources to the fullest. To accomplish this, it is necessary to supply our young people with the education required to meet this challenge. In this way, we do not only enhance our own standards, but make our contribution to the development of other nations as well.

The Harrow District High School Board, on behalf of the citizens of this community, are pleased to provide this education on the secondary level with a teaching staff and facilities that are second to none.

On behalf of the Board, may I extend to all of you the very best.

ROBERT CLARK, Chairman, H.D.H.S.

GENERAL STAFF



Mr. Sellick, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Sinfield, Mrs. Shepley, Mr. O'Connor.

NARRATOR STAFF



FRONT ROW: Mr. Barwick, Doug McKeen, Harold Thrasher, Barbara Fox, Mabel Hawkins, Mr. Pouget.

BACK ROW: Carol Carr, John McDonald, Pat Brown, Barbara Paul, Sandra Chevalier, Shirley Bedal, Jim McKeen, Donna Croucher, Stu Watson.

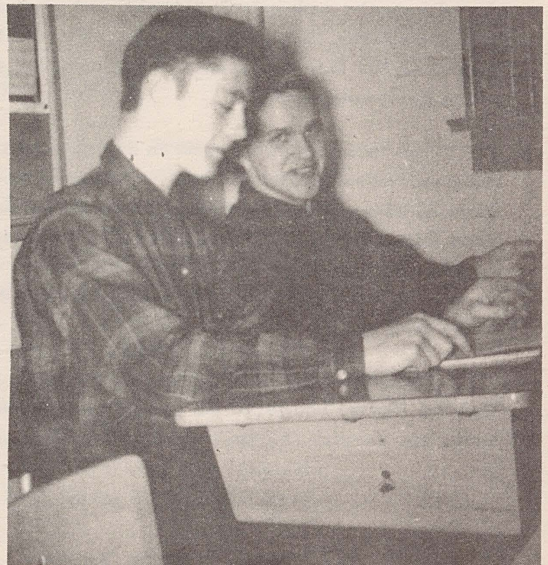
NARRATOR EXECUTIVE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	— Harold Thrasher
CO-EDITOR	— Barbara Fox
ASSISTANT EDITORS	— Mabel Hawkins Doug McKeen
TEACHER ADVISORS	— Mr. J. Barwick Mr. G. Pouget
BUSINESS MANAGERS	— John McDonald Stuart Watson
LITERARY	— Carol Carr Sandra Squires
PHOTOGRAPHY	— Sandra Chevalier Donna Croucher
SOCIAL	— Patti Brown Barbara Paul Margaret Shwatz
SPORTS	— Shirley Bedal Jim McKeen
COVER ART	— Malcolm Cox
COPY	— Charleen Graham Bess McLean
SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHY	— Hartman Hesbon

Thank you to Hartman's Photo Studio, Harrow News,
Widmeyer Press, Camera Club, Our Advertisers,
Our Teacher Advisors.



Year Book at Work



STUDENTS' COUNCIL



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Mary Gerry, Mabel Hawkins, Marcia Richardson, Malcolm Young (President), Joan Founk, Don Mortimore.

MIDDLE ROW, Left to Right: Mr. Whelan, Judy Mulder, Doreen Malott, Anne Pretli, Pam Abbott, Linda Quick, Kathy Darby, Sandra Heaton, Ginger Webster, Mr. Barwick.

BACK ROW, Left to Right: Larry Capstick, David Founk, Hazel Salter, Doug McKeen, Jim Ferriss, Margaret Haslam, Peter Ryan, John McCormick.

Students' Council 1962-63

The Students' Council is a group of students elected from the student body to create and organize student activities throughout the year. We try to help make the H.D.H.S. a school that each one of us can be proud to attend.

Our first meeting was held on September 17th. Initiation, school dances and our constitution were discussed along with many other items. Since then many things have been accomplished. We have been working very hard with the Athletic Committee to try to keep our House League from becoming a thing of the past.

We wish to extend special appreciation to Malcolm Young, our president, and also to our advisors, Mr. Barwick and Mr. Whelan.

Mabel Hawkins, Secretary.

Students' Council Executive

PRESIDENT	— Malcolm Young
1st VICE PRESIDENT	— Marcia Richardson
2nd VICE PRESIDENT	— Joan Founk
TREASURER	— Donald Mortimore
SECRETARY	— Mabel Hawkins

Class Representatives

Grade 13	— Peter Ryan, Linda Quick.
Grade 12A	— Margaret Haslam, James Ferriss.
Grade 12C	— Marcia Richardson, Hazel Salter.
Grade 11A	— Kathy Darby, Doug McKeen.
Grade 11B	— Mary Gerry, Jim Gignac.
Grade 10A	— John McCormick, Virginia Webster.
Grade 10B	— Sandra Heaton, Bill Murray.
Grade 10C	— Robert Damm, Judy Mulder.
Grade 9A	— Pamela Abbott, Larry Capstick.
Grade 9B	— David Founk, Doreen Malott.
Grade 9C	— Bill Bezaire, Ann Pretli.

AWARDS

ONTARIO SCHOLAR CERTIFICATE — Carol Bondy.

I.O.D.E. PRESENTATION for Teacher's College — Marion Kinnaird.

MAYOR OUNSWORTH PRIZE for Grade X Proficiency in English and History
— John McDonald.

HARROW B. & P. WOMEN'S CLUB for Grade XIII Proficiency
Girls — Carol Bondy.

THE KIN GLEN WRIDE Memorial Award — Jim Brimmer.

ROTARY AWARD for Grade XIII Proficiency — Carol Bondy.

ROTARY PUBLIC SPEAKING AWARDS — Dinie Broere, George Loscher.

STAFF PUBLIC SPEAKING AWARDS — Mary Kordyban, John McDonald.

PRESENTATION OF WATERMAN PEN CO. — Carol Bondy.

LEGION AUXILIARY AWARD — Clair Cook.

SCHOOL BOARD AWARDS —

— Grade IX Proficiency — John McCormick.

— Grade X Proficiency — Kathy Darby.

— Grade XI Proficiency — Jerry Dudzic.

— Grade XII Proficiency — Linda Quick and Nancy Schwartz.

MATHEMATICAL AWARD — James Brimmer.

LETTERS and STARS

Ken Baldwin, Joe Bernat, Donna Bezaire, Carol Bondy, Linda Bondy, Everette Brimmer, Dinie Broere, Nancy Buchanan, Tam Brydon, Carol Carr, Elizabeth Chordash, Goldie Chordash, Kathy Darby, Linda Doyle, Nancy Doyle, Gary Dube, Jerry Dudzic, John Dudzic, Witold Dudzic, Alan Fabok, Henry Faust, Joan Founk, Barbara Fox, Dorothy Fulmer, Kathy Gaertner, Judy Gammon, Philip Gibson, Pat Goslin, Marilyn Grayer, Margaret Haslam, Margaret Hedges, David Hernandez, Ken Herniman, Annette Herema, Carol Hertel, Maxine Iler, Sharlene Iler, Ralph Johnson, Ron Johnson, Diane Kael, Jack Kehl, Janet Kimball, Arlene Klie, Gunther Kroh, Keith Langlois, George Loscher, Amy Lypps, Ann Mates, John McDonald, Nancy Meek, John Morin, Don Mortimore, Donald Mulder, Lee Ann Munger, Bill Munro, Lorie Murousky, Barbara Murray, Ed Ouellette, Richard Ounsworth, Barbara Paul, Cheryl Philcox, Larry Pollard, George Pretli, Kay Putman, Linda Quick, Marcia Richardson, John Sabo, Sandy Scatterty, Hilda Schmidt, Ann Schwager, Nancy Schwartz, Sandra Scott, Trudy Seitz, Helen Stomp, Beth Sweet, Pam Wright, Malcolm Young.

Valedictory Address

—CAROL BONDY

First let me say that I am very happy to be here tonight, to tell you what the past five years at H.H.S. have meant to me, and to a limited extent, to express the sentiments of the rest of the class.

As I was preparing this speech, I thought about this program and our participation in it. We come, we sit for a few hours, we collect diplomas and pins, stars and letters and then trot home. What, beyond this, is the purpose of commencement, of this speech? As I progressed in it, I was aware of creating something with no real purpose in it, with a vacuum-like theme.

Then I noticed the word valediction. As all Latin students know, it means to say good-bye. Therefore, we, last year's grade XIII, wish to say farewell to you tonight.

I shall not say anything original tonight; rather it is the same message that countless other valedictorians have reiterated. But a speech in which one says farewell to his classmates, to his teachers, to his friends and to his high school, perhaps should not be original. It should not introduce profound new concepts which will electrify its audience if that were possible.

Although a farewell need not contain creativeness, it always must have results which extend from past to present to future. Any good-bye, whether it consists of one word or several hundred, always has a vaguely depressing effect on one who hears it. It marks the end of a period of time, thereby making its listeners reminisce. In this case you will remember previous commencements, your own, your children's, in some instances, even your grandchildren's. For the present, a farewell tries to express the outlook of last year's graduating class. Finally, it reminds us of the commencements of the future.

Our memories of life here, will in future years recall to us more than academic endeavours, although scholarship is the primary purpose of an education. There were many social activities; numerous clubs with varying projects which students could join and support; there were house and team sports in which everyone could participate. Students here were very fortunate to have large pleasant classrooms in which to learn and a well-stocked library containing classics and reference books, as well as a wide variety of other literature.

Of course, spacious classrooms are useless unless there are teachers within them to guide and instruct students. In this respect, we were also fortunate to have teachers who made their subjects interesting as well as informative.

No valedictory address would be complete if we graduates were not grateful to all of those who have given us the direction and guidance so necessary in completing high-school. Although each one of us in this gymnasium owes something to every other person with whom he has had contact, just as Tennyson's Ulysses stated that he was

part of all that he had met, we too, express gratitude, especially to our parents who have sacrificed so much for us, to our teachers, whom I have already mentioned, and not least to Mr. Young who has always given such sound advice to students throughout their high-school careers.

Let us now consider the past and the future. As the word valediction signifies the termination of one phase of life, so also does the word commencement signify the beginning of another. During our years here, we were laying the foundations for careers for employment, and for the challenges of adulthood. In addition, we were living life. Before you conclude that this statement is true and as unnecessary as saying that it is dark outside, let me clarify it. It is very possible to exist and not to really live. For example, attending high-school is not simply a matter of existing until the end of grade XII or XIII, then suddenly entering adulthood and experiencing independence. Whether or not we realized it then, our years at H.H.S. were not merely a preparation for life; they were in fact, a very real segment of life; each day that was spent in this building was itself a lesson in living, in learning with others as well as from them. So much for the farewell.

The aspect of commencement remains. I must confess that I do not really know the reason for this program being called commencement. However it is a beginning, and a beginning makes one look ahead and speculate. Perhaps none of us will ever reach the goal for which we are now striving; and if we do, we shall only discover that there is another goal, beyond it, a little higher and just a little farther ahead. Beyond that there will be another and another throughout life.

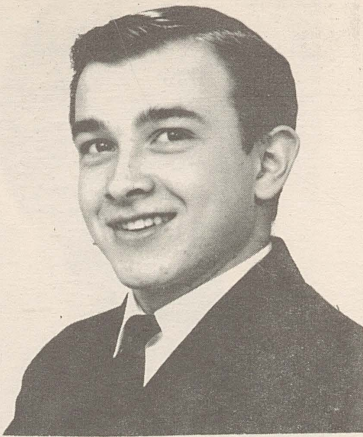
As in past years, there are a few comments on grade XIII subjects. Besides, the evident benefits which each subject offers to those who study it, there is a special satisfaction derived from the curiosity a person experiences as he learns from the discovery of a new idea, or from the solution of a challenging mathematical problem. Learning to think for oneself and to arrive at conclusions through logic is the desirable result of any course.

Nevertheless, what most of us will remember long after we have forgotten complicated formulae, devious definitions and historical dates, will be the more unorthodox, the unexpected. Certainly there was the traditional and perennial fermentation and distillation process in Chemistry, which all of us had been anticipating since grade IX; however, there was also the accompanying and perennial refusal of our teacher for a sample of our handiwork. All Shakespearean admirers watched the fascinating television productions of MacBeth. All those who talk Zoology must remember nostalgically the appetizing dissection classes which took place just prior to our lunch. Those individuals who had a spare with the Chemistry class will surely always recognize the fumes from hydrogen sulphide and bromine vapour which are so conducive to a study period.

To the students who are now attending high-school we wish you success in your stay here. May you have the pleasure that we have had in being here, in learning in it, and having fun in it. As you know, the school motto is "Pergratum addiscere", and the accepted translation is, "Learning is a Pleasure". Some of you may not think so. You may consider learning a boring task, something to do to fill in a few years until you can get a job. However, if you take a real interest in school work, it is easier to learn and more enjoyable. Perhaps curiosity is the greatest asset a student can possess. If all the students of Harrow High continue to believe this and practice it, our motto will not be a meaningless phrase from a dead language, but it will remain the embodiment of the true spirit of Harrow High School.

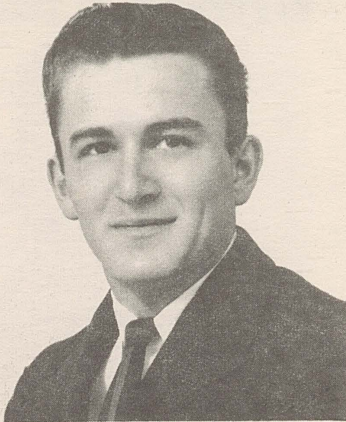
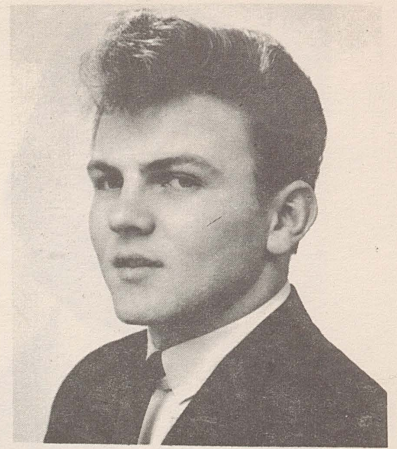


GRADUATING CLASS



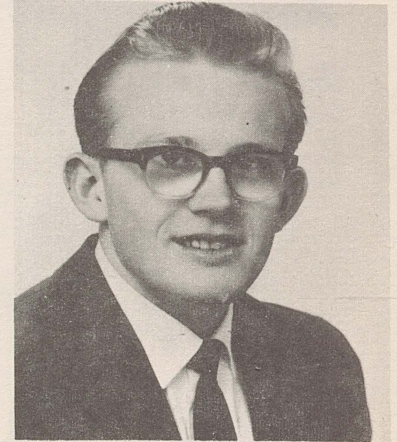
LEON AGLA — Leon very definitely has a mind of his own. He takes no lip from anyone, including teachers. Leon lifts weights in his spare time as well as taking part in school gymnastics. After high school Leon plans to go into Geology.

WITOLD DUDZIC — Wit is interested in all sports, especially track and field, weight training, soccer, and gymnastics. Wit wishes to become a physical education teacher. Next year he hopes to enter the University of Western Ontario.



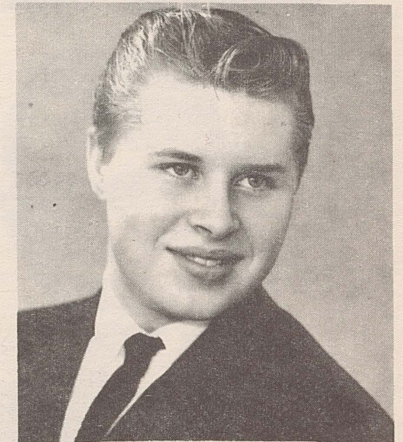
JOSEPH BERNAT — Joe's humor adds a little vitality to some of the otherwise sombre classes. After school Joe plays chess, believe it or not; on the weekends he usually can be found at a dance somewhere enjoying the scenery? Next year Joe plans to join the R.C.A.F.

HEINRICH VON FERBER — As the name implies he is rather eccentric. He is very fond of good music, chess, mystery stories, and horse back riding. His aim is to become a doctor.



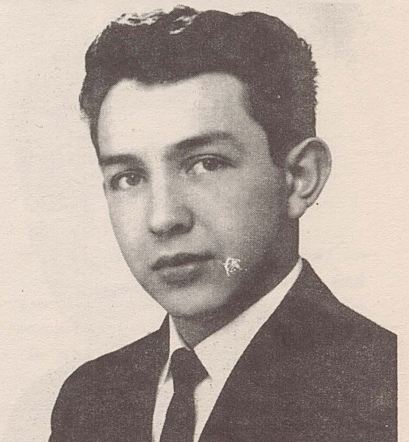
LINDA BONDY — Linda is one of those people who like to take long walks. She is considering being a teacher. Her main interests are guys and guys.

PHIL GIBSON — He says he solves complicated problems in geographical calculus in his leisure minutes. This puzzles us because he is quite often stumped by grade nine algebra problems. Football and a certain nurse also hold Phil's interest. After thirteen Phil plans to attend Cal Tech.



ANNETTE HERREMA — Annette is possibly the hardest worker in our class. As of yet she is undecided as to her future. In her spare time she loves to read.

DAVID HERNANDEZ — David is sometimes a serious athlete. We notice this most around field day, but he also plays basketball. He has a mania for duck hunting and roller skating in Kingsville. Dave plans to become a P.E. teacher.



GRADUATING CLASS

MAXINE ILER — Maxine is a top student who likes "driving around" in her spare time. Next year she plans to attend teacher's college.

BEVERLY PALMER — Bev is a conscientious worker. She is very serious about her goal which is to be a teacher. In her spare time Bev also plays the piano and is a star basket-ball and volley-ball player. .

RON JOHNSON — Ron's carefree and confident air sometimes makes his class mates wonder how he gets such good marks. He was the star defensive end for this year's football team. Next year he plans to attend McMaster University. Ron wants to be a history teacher or a doctor or—what ever it is, he is sure he will make a good one.

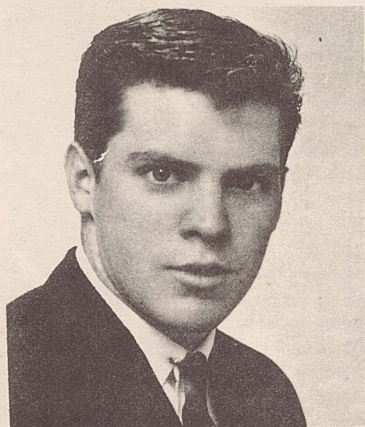
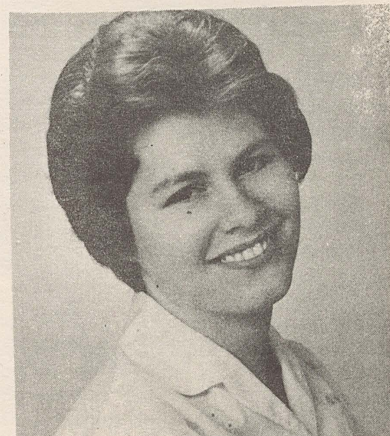
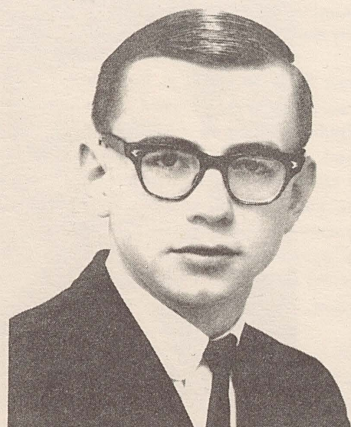
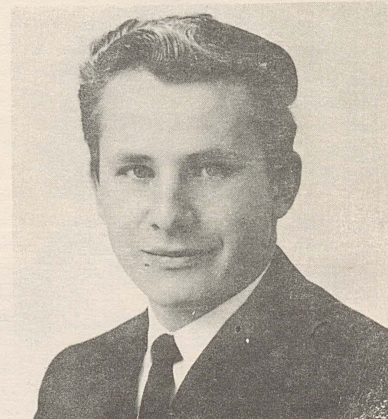
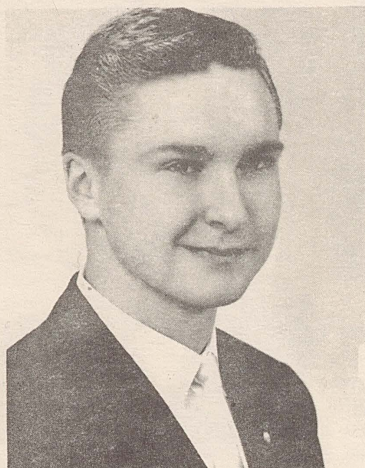
GEORGE PRETLI — George is interested in sports, politics and girls. The latter takes up most of his spare time. Next year he plans to join the R.C.M.P.

JACK KEHL — Jack's main interests are photography and girls. He is yet undecided as to what he will do, but he plans to attend university. We think he'd make a good lawyer.

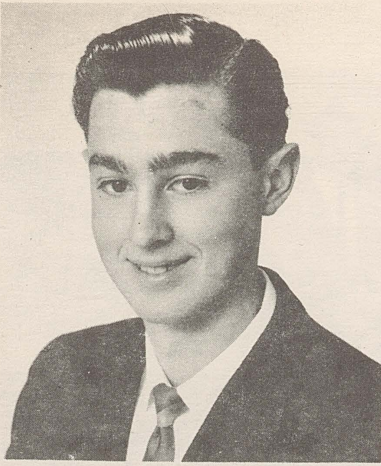
KAYE PUTMAN — Kaye is interested in nursing and plans to enter this field as soon as possible. At present she is the assistant librarian for the Township.

RICHARD OUNSWORTH — Dull, but a good thinker plans to exclude himself from the rest of society and practice his hockey on a northern lake. Grows plants in his spare time. Clean fingernails on right hand, a hair cut every three weeks.

LINDA QUICK — This year Linda is trying to limit her interests to purely academic ones, although she is still cheerleader captain. She is not too sure about what she wants to be but she is certain she will attend university.



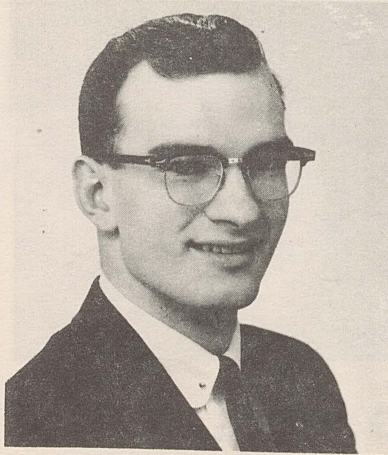
GRADUATING CLASS



LESLIE RICHARDSON — Les has a problem which he shares with his classmates; he's undecided about his career. But under no circumstances does this seem to bother him. Les spends most of his time hunting. When asked what his aim in life was, he replied, that it was to shoot his limit of 'Anything' in one day.



ERNEST SQUIRES — It's hard to keep track of Ernie. When he's not out with the boy's there is a certain girl in Kingsville who keeps him out of town on most of the week-ends. Ernie has a taste for classical music, skiing and Rover trips. After grade thirteen he plans to go into electronics.



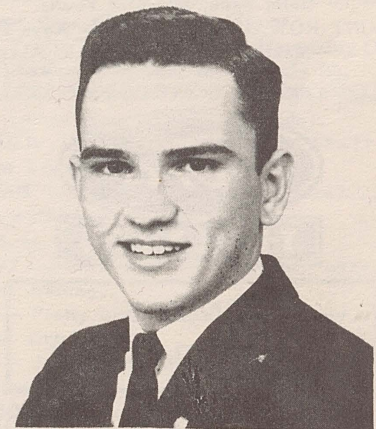
PETER RYAN — Peter is the sage of grade thirteen. We can usually depend on Peter for an opinion on just about anything. He is also Harrow High's least expensive disc jockey. Next year Pete plans to take a course in accounting at Assumption.



CARA WRIDE — Her aim in life is to have sixteen children but right now her main problem is algebra. In her spare time she likes "to stay away from home!" By this time next year some teachers college will have a problem namely Cara.



NANCY SCHWARTZ — Nancy has always been an honor student. Now she plans to teach. She is an avid reader in her leisure time. Next year she will attend teacher's college.



MALCOLM YOUNG — Malcolm is the most scientific person in the senior class. He plans to be an engineering physicist. Besides being president of the Student's council Malcolm finds time for football and basketball. He says his aim in life is to accumulate infinitely incalculable sums of negotiable currency.

DONNA HUNT — Right now Donna is pretty well absorbed in her school work. Like most of us she does a lot of reading in her spare time. Next year she will attend teacher's college.

IAN ELLIS — It appears as if Ian has finally settled down. But he still can be found quite frequently in the pool room. His other favorite pastimes are playing hockey and bragging about what his car can do in the quarter mile. He plans to attend O.A.C. after completing high school.

JAY THOMAS — "Jayson" has an obsession for girls, hunting and sports cars in that order. In the summer he works at construction. He plans to become a corporation lawyer.

Grade X111



BACK ROW, Left to Right: — Peter Ryan, Richard Ounsworth, David Hernandez, George Pretli, Jay Thomas, Leslie Richardson, Ronald Johnson.
 MIDDLE ROW, Left to Right: — Joe Bernat, Leon Agla, Ian Ellis, Witold Dudzic, Ernie Squire, Jack Kehl, Henry Ferber, John Sabo, Malcolm Young.
 FRONT ROW, Left to Right: — Kaye Putman, Bev Palmer, Annette Herrema, Linda Bondy, Cara Wride, Nancy Schwartz, Maxine Iler, Linda Quick. Absent: Donna Hunt.



NEW
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&
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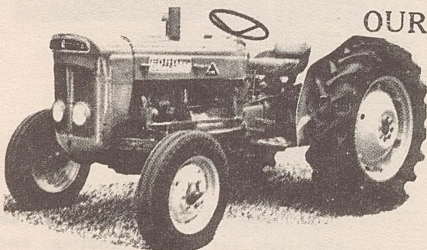


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Grade X11 A



BACK ROW, Left to Right: Michael Munger, Jim Grabb, Don Mortimore, Hugh Fawdry, Allan Williams, Harold Thrasher, Jim Brown, Jim Ferriss, Jim Lonsbery, Harold Konrad, Sandy Scatterty, Ralph Johnson, Dick Ferriss.
MIDDLE ROW, Left to Right: Gunther Kroh, Keith Langlois, Ed Ouellette, Judy Gammon, Margaret Haslam, Beth Sweet, Sandra McLean, Joan Founk, Elizabeth Chordash, Malcolm Cox, Ron Bondy, Jim Arquette, George Loscher.
FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Carol Hertel, Anne Stajfer, Janet Kimball, Pam Wright, Sandra Scott, Sue Demeris, Lee Ann Munger, Linda Doyle, Hilda Schmidt, Barbara Fox.

Songs Dedicated to X11 A

MR. YOUNG — Monster Mash (Egore unchained in room 15).
JIM BROWN — Casanova Brown (We all agree...don't we girls?)
JIM LONSBERY — James, James, Hold the Ladder Steady (He's the marrying type!)
ALAN WILLIAMS — Davy Crocket (He's got a hunting complex...during school hours.
ED OUELLETTE — Popeye.....The Hitch-Hiker (Any smart girl would pick him up).
JIM ARQUETTE — Travellin' Man (1000 miles per year ...Harrow to Colchester.)
JERRY DESLIPPE — Devil or Angel (We can't make up up our minds).
GUNTHER KROH — Guitar Man (Serenading under someone's window.)
RICHARD FERRISS — Six Night's a Week (Maybe seven nights).
DON MORTIMORE — My Heart is an Open Book (A Book of Knowledge).
HUGH FAWDRY — Dreamy Eyes (Take a good look girls!)
HAROLD KONRAD — Put Your Head on My Shoulder (Really Harold...not in chemistry class).
JIM GRABB — Where or When (Who, what, why...Wake up Jim, it's Monday morning).
KEITH LANGLOIS — Speedy Gonzales (Over 100 m.p.h. every move he makes).
MIKE MUNGER — For Me and My Gal (This big, old globe turns!)
SANDY SCATTERTY — Love Potion No. 9 (What!... ..Not our SANDY).
GEORGE LOSCHER — You Got What It Takes (We don't know for what!)
MALCOLM COX — Heartaches by the Numbers (1. Christmas, 2. Easter, and 3. June).

RON BONDY — 409 (She's all mine my 409 kept in a secret garage — no one's ever seen it).
RALPH JOHNSON — Wake Me, Shake Me (Or I'll miss my bus again).
HAROLD THRASHER — He's A Rebel ('cause he never ever does what he should!)
JIM FERRISS — You've Got to Move Two Mountains (With a physique like that he could do it).
JANET KIMBALL — Five Foot Two Eyes of Blue (and Oh ...what those Five feet can do).
LEE ANN MUNGER — You Talk Too Much (Who??... Not Lee Ann).
SANDRA McLEAN — Sandy (Sugar and spice?..... Everything nice).
CAROL HERTEL — Wait For Me (Hilda).
HILDA SCHMIDT — I'll Wait For You (Okay, okay... I'm waiting).
PAM WRIGHT — Pretty Little Angel Eyes (Pretty..... but angel eyes).
BETH SWEET — Sweet Little Sixteen (And never been kissed).
ELIZABETH CHORDASH — The Diary (How we'd like to get into Elizabeth's!)
MARGIE HASLAM — With the Wind and the Rain in your Hair (Walking to school every morning).
SANDRA SCOTT — The Village of Love (Colchester.... ..believe me!)
JOAN FOUNK — Anything Goes (anything and everything)
SUE DEMERIS — If You Knew Suzie Like I Know Suzie (Oh .. Oh .. What a girl!)
LINDA TOFFLEMIRE — It's Just a Matter of Time ('til Linda's hitched and happy!)
LINDA DOYLE — Among My Souvenirs (what we would not find in Linda's collection!!!)
JUDY GAMMON — So Fine! (You want to believe it!)
BARBARA FOX — Please Don't Ask About Barbara ('cause we couldn't think of anything).
ANNA STAJFER — Roses are Red My Love (violets are blue, Anna's cheeks are Reddy too!).

Grade X11 C

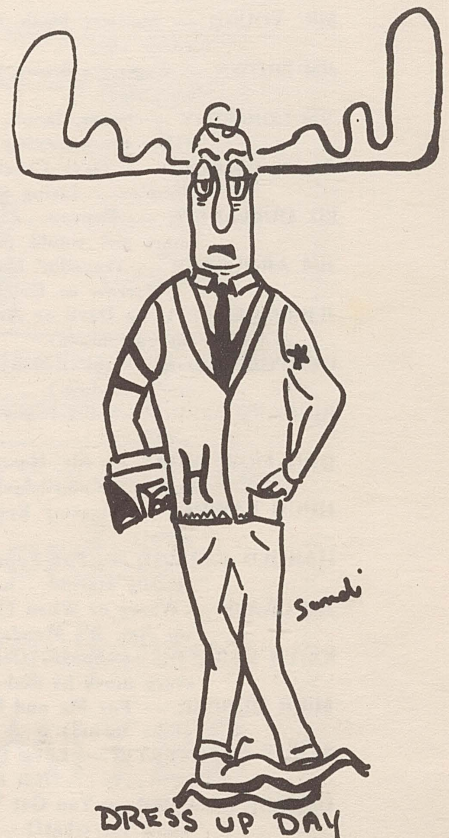


FRONT ROW: — Ann Winter, Cynthia Fulmer, Trudy Seitz, Barbara Murray.

BACK ROW: — Hazel Salter, Margaret Hedges, Betty Kordyban, Charleen Graham, Barbara Johnson, Marcia Richardson, Amy Lypps.

Special Commercial X11 C

NAME	REASON FOR EXISTING
BARBARA MURRAY	— to fill everyone in on the GOSSIP.
CYNTHIA FULMER	— to pass SHORTHAND.
ANN WINTER	— WAITING for another ring (Preferably wedding).
PEGGY McLEAN	— GARY.
MARCIA RICHARDSON	— to work at Pollard's office.
AMY LYPPS	— to get three scoops of potatoes at noon.
HAZEL SALTER	— waiting for that certain phone call.
BETTY KORDYBAN	— to throw all night parties.
MARGARET HEDGES	— to play volleyball.
TRUDY SEITZ	— to sit on boss's lap.
LARRY WALLS	— to walk on his own two feet.
BARBARA JOHNSON	— to get that man.
CHARLEEN GRAHAM	— to be called "Charee".
MRS. QUENNEVILLE	— Mr. Quenneville.



Grade X1 A



BACK ROW, Left to Right: — Margaret Strohm, Stuart Watson, Gary Scott, Everett Brimner, Gary Dube, Brian Pollard, Charles Ryan, George McLean, Bill Hendershot, Nick Wenzler, Richard Bruner, Doug McKeen, John McDonald, Sandra Tofflemire.

MIDDLE ROW, Left to Right: — Carol Carr, Karen CIPHERY, Frances Seitz, Gail Vincent, Ernestine Reidl, Goldie Chordash, Louise McLean, Linda Howie, Sandra Squire, Arlene Klie, Janice Reese, Pat Goslin, Kathy Brown, Barbara Clark.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: — Jean Palmer, Barbara Paul, Linda Taylor, Deanna Robinson, Maureen Burnett, Kathy Darby, Bess McLean, Mabel Hawkins, Cheryl Philcox, Donna Pigeon.

Can You Imagine 11A ?

BARBARA CLARK — without her switch.

KAREN CIPHERY — not trying to get R. D. back.

PAT GOSLIN — going out with a 16 year old boy.

GOLDIE CHORDASH — wearing her skirts above the knee.

SANDRA SQUIRES — without her Latin translations.

FRANCIS SEITZ — finally getting her hair cut by a hairdresser!!

KATHY DARBY — without letters coming from the R.C.A.F.

KATHY BROWN — not in Halstead's Super Market every noon.

DONNA PIGEON — writing "Dear" John letters.

GAIL VINCENT — with long black hair.

ERNESTINE REIDL — not riding in a '58' white Ford Convertible.

DEANNA ROBINSON — not ending up in Kingsville when she had the car.

BESS McLEAN — not having Mr. Harrison checking her Physics notes.

LOUISE McLEAN — with a low, sexy voice.

JANICE REESE — not talking to Bill H. in French class.

LINDA TAYLOR — controlling herself in French. (controllez-vous Mlle. Linda).

BARBARA (JEAN) PAUL — paying attention in class.

MARGARET STROHM — being 5' tall.

MABEL HAWKINS — not playing \$64,000 question with the teachers.

CHERYL PHILCOX — not receiving love letters from Chas. J. in class.

JEAN PALMER — with vital statistics of 36-21-36.

LINDA HOWIE — losing demerits or getting detention.

LYN GIBSON — with silky, smooth, baby-fine hair.

ARLENE KLIE — a Fashion Model.

SANDRA TOFFLEMIRE — not walking out on our Physics Classes.

CAROL CARR — not giving big over-night brawls.

MAUREEN BURNETT — not being asked "Are you Carol's sister"?

STU WATSON — making a 100 yard touchdown.

BILL HENDERSHOT — not being "Mr. Touchdown" of 1962.

NICK WENZLER — 'being tall, dark and oh! so! Handsome!

CHARLES RYAN — (Chas. J.) not having "Pinkie" cheering for him at football games.

GARY DUBE — not telling jokes (?) in English class.

JOHN McDONALD — not being a non-conformist.

GEORGE McLEAN — getting a 100% on a French Test.

RICHARD BRUNER — as Ariel in The Tempest.

DOUG McKEEN — short, fat, and well you know....

GARY SCOTT — "cutting-up" in class.

EVERETT BRIMNER — failing a Geometry test???

Grade X1 B



FRONT ROW: — Gloria Eansor, Bernice Brush, Mary Kordyban, Carol Kissner, Shirley Bedal, Mary Gerry, Carolyn Chittle.
 SECOND ROW: — Leslie Peter, Rosemary Bondy, Diane Mulder, Sheila Johnson, Carol Fabok, Don Marontate, Gary Baltzer, Blanche Catherwood, Helen Gaertner, Janet Pillon, Linda Hernandez.
 BACK ROW: — Raymond Agla, Rudy Tomek, Tom Bondy, Roger Putman, Rodney Wensley, Gary Gammon, Stuart Rayner, Reg Lozon, Gerry Wass, Gerry Gignac, Jim Wright, David Koch.

NAME	WEAKNESS	CAUSE OF DEATH	PLACE OF DEATH	DYING WORDS
Diane	Pig-tails	He pulled her pig-tails	Sitting in front of Percy	Oh that BOY
Blanche	Heels	She slipped	Going upstairs	I just had to wear my new heels
Mary G.	3 a.m.	Mom caught her	Outside the door	A flat tire???
Carolyn	Books	Carrying too many books	In the hall between classes	I forgot one
Sheila	Lock	Pulled too hard	Hall	Maybe I should get a new one??
Carol K.	Drinks	One too many	Ellenberger Hall	What will mother say??
Helen	Being late	One detention too many	Office	It was Kathy's fault—
Linda	Glasses	Broken once again	Classroom	Really!! I can't see the board
Mary K.	Black Scarves	She choked	Bed	I've just got to keep those rollers in.
Rosemary	Cooking	She choked from smoke	H. E. Room	It is Not burnt—
Janet	Driving	She got her licence	Road	This bicycle won't go any faster.
Shirley	Jokes	She laughed at one of her own.	Physics	HA!! HA!! HA!!
Cheryl	Bicycles and Bathing suits	Embarrassment	Harrow	You and your brainy Ideas—
Carol F.	Clothes	Another new dress	Home	She never makes me anything!
Gloria	Food	Running to the cafeteria	Stairs	I've got to be first—
Bernice	Sun	Sun-stroke	Beach	Haven't I got a tan yet?
Gary G.	Barb	Got hooked	Church	I do!!
Stuart R.	Short Girls	He leaned over	At the door	I can't reach you!
Tom B.	Tests	He passed	School	I passed!
Rodney W.	Cartoons	Raised his hand to answer	Eng. Lit.	Smarter than the average bear.
Gary B.	Homework	Caught	French	I can't find it sir.
Roger P.	Moving fast	Ran around the track	School track	Did I make it?
Jim W.	Girls	A girl winked at him	Lover's Lane	Gosh!!
Jerry W.	Notes to S.B.	He got caught	History	It was worth it.
Don M.	Smoking	He inhaled	Cancer Corner	You and your dares.
Raymond A.	Being smart	Beat up on him	At school	I can't help it.
Rudy T.	Talking	He had to make a speech	Classroom	" " (None)
Jim G.	Being nice	Everybody liked him—	At school	I didn't know!!!
Leslie P.	New cars	A scratch on the car	When his parents saw it	Don't look at me..
Jerry G.	Antique cars	He sold one	Car-lot	How was I to know it would fall apart, after I sold it. Ha Ha!!!

Grade X A



BACK ROW, Left to Right: — Orrie Wigle, Chris Williams, Joe Demeris, John McCormick, Teddy Thrasher, Jim Pollard, Dennis Harrison, Jim McKeen, Brian Munroe, Bill Elford, Jim Gegeny.
MIDDLE ROW, Left to Right: — Ellen Nelson, Sandra Hines, Gayle Murray, Julie Szabo, Beverly Brimner, Louise Brookland, Eileen Strohm, Sally Meek, Ginger Webster, Pauline Quick, Eddy Mutterback.
FRONT ROW, Left to Right: — Connie Langlois, Burnetta Day, Catherine Thorpe, Barbara Lankin, Donna Croucher, Sandra Chevalier, Sandra Brush, Irma Gross, Bonnie Kav Reid.

X A's ALMANAC

- 1st ORRIE WIGLE becomes French Professor at Oxford University 1972.
- 2nd EILEEN STROHM sets new record for homers 1968.
- 3rd BRIAN MUNRO invents manhole cover 1862.
- 4th BURNETTA DAY composes "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella"; drowns while laughing during rainstorm 1969.
- 5th JOHN MCCORMICK develops first trained seeing eye flea for blind cockroaches 1981.
- 6th IRMA GROSS becomes U. N. translator 1978.
- 7th EDDIE MUTTERBACK invents elevator shoes 1923.
- 8th CONNIE LANGLOIS receives Nobel Prize for book on smoking, "The Topic of Cancer".
- 9th Golf champ JIM McKEEN hits caddy with golf ball, arrested for reckless driving 1975.
- 10th SANDRA BRUSH invents striped mouthwash 1959.
- 11th Russian spy steals HARRISON'S law of relativity; gives U.S. new hope for space race 1967.
- 12th GAYLE MURRAY wins Nobel Prize for being a walking dictionary 1965.
- 13th At 2:27 today, BILL ELFORD trades in Wife for 157 books of trading stamps.
- 14th Dr. LOUISE BROOKLAND attempts to prove water is not a liquid; drowns in cake of ice 1982.
- 15th JIM GEGENY first to use Diner's Club instead of cash at stoneage restaurant 12,121 B.C.
- 16th PAULINE QUICK invents ping-pong-ball-swallowing craze; fails to catch on 1966.
- 17th JOE DEMERIS awarded Nobel Prize for delicate brain surgery on a dead cat 1979.
- 18th CATHERINE THORPE receives dishonorable discharge from BROWNIES 1958.
- 19th Trunk Murderer CHRIS WILLIAMS confesses to crimes — wants it off his chest 1927.
- 20th BONNIE REID voted hobo of the year 1964.
- 21st Mr. Dupperon volunteers to pay for TED THRASHER'S First ocean voyage-straight down 1962.
- 22nd GINGER WEBSTER, small town girl with big illusions starred in Musical Comedy: Tom Swift and His Electrical Arch Supports 1983.
- 23rd SANDRA HINES goes to hospital with broken leg because BEVERLEY BRIMNER huffed and puffed and blew down her highchair 1963.
- 24th JULIE SZABO invents dyed corn feed so chickens can lay precoloured eggs for Easter 1965.
- 25th SALLY MEEK invents Coffee Break; immediately fired 1943.
- 26th ELLEN NELSON voted leading hair stylist by Mad Magazine 1964.
- 27th Waitress BARB LANKIN falls in ice cream freezer; creates new flavour 1959.
- 28th SANDI CHEVALIER replaces Krushchev as ruler of USSR 1970.
- 29th DONNA CROUCHER elected first woman president of U.S. 1970.
- 30th Band Leader, F. Roberts, starts new participation programme; "Sing Along — Or Else" 1963.

Grade X B



FRONT ROW: — Marg Schwartz, Inga Frank, Joanne Wright, Corry Balvert, Dixie Mills, Lissa Cox, Susan Rayner, Marilyn Chittle, Joyce Hill, Hilda Pocantos.

SECOND ROW: — Bill Murray, Charlie Lockhart, Barb Sweet, Terril Shepley, Charlene Bondy, Betty France, Sandra Heaton, Barb Ferriss, Bonnie Brown, Ruth Voegeli, Louise Baltzer, David Sellick.

BACK ROW: — Frank Seitz, Doug Hertel, Brent Johnson, Paul Langlois, Bob Vagi, Bob Herniman, Leon Smith, George Sherman, Ed McConnell, Pat Pare, Howard Sellick, Brian LaBombard.

Is it hard to believe that:

DIXIE MILLS: belongs to the fruitiest farm in town?

JO ANNE WRIGHT: gets special interest at a Harrow Bank?

BONNIE BROWN: got her laugh from an unmentionable?

SANDRA HEATON: gets around her teachers by selling them machinery.

LOUISE BALTZER: is famed for her words "Are You Mad At Me."

BILLY MURRAY: is strictly on a liquid diet?

HOWARD SELICK: is just a plain little ol' mischief maker?

DAVID SELICK: falls in the same category with his brother?

BOB VAGI: lifts Weights? (his books).

FRANK SEITZ: goes to the beauty parlor every week to have his lock's tinted.

PAT PARE: is a good little boy? (like everybody knows).

GEORGE SHERMAN: keeps the girls guessing? (is he for real?).

LISSA COX: owns a camel named Clyde? (D.T.)

ROBERT HERNIMAN: stopped taking growing pills when he was little? (has he ever been little).

LEON SMITH: can't help being what he is? — a nut!

ED McCONNELL: sets his own hair now?

BRIAN LABOMBARD: eats his Wheaties before running the 100 yd. dash?

TERRIL SHEPLEY: loves her school?

BETTY FRANCE: gets murdered in every class by Terry!

CHARLENE BONDY: likes to spend her noon hours doing extra work?

CORRY BALVERT: does perfect somersaults in gym class?

PAUL LANGLOIS: has big brown eyes and straight black hair?

HILDA POCANTOS: will soon reach great heights? (5 ft.).

CHARLES LOCKHART: can't resist saying his smart remarks?

BRENT JOHNSON: is a light in a dark room? (cat eyes).

JOYCE HILL: goes with a 'six-footer?

INGA FRANK: gets detentions for talking out loud in class?

MARGARET SCHWARTZ: loves typing?

BARBARA SWEET: fits her last name?

BARBARA FERRISS: Is always (innocent)?

SUSAN RAYNER: doesn't mind answering question in English now? (who does).

DOUG HERTEL: is raising the price on his science book for Mr. E. Young?

MARILYN CHITTLE: is it hard to believe that Marilyn sleeps with her horse.

Grade X C



BACK ROW, Left to Right: — Greg Townsend, Richard Pollard, Gerry Bondy, Bruce Iler, Henry Newmiller, Jerry Pigeon, Merle Howie.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: — Robert Damm, Roger Pouget, Helen Hodolich, Judy Mulder, Wallace Anson, Bruce MacIntosh.

CAN YOU IMAGINE X C

WALLACE ANSON — not smiling when he is talking to H. H.

JERRY BONDY — not saying "Ain't that comical?"

ROBERT DAMM — not trying to get a conversation about "Politics" to take up the whole period.

HELEN HODOLICH — bleaching her eye brows and lashes to correspond with her green hair.

MERLE HOWIE — being a comic in all classes.

BRUCE ILER — being the fattest man in the world.

BRUCE MACINTOSH — getting perfect in History while watching two squirrels in the tree.

RANDY MEYER — wearing a size 12 shoe.

JUDY MULDER — with blonde hair.

HENRY NEWMILLER — square dancing.

JERRY PIGEON — going to ball room dance dressed informal.

RICHARD POLLARD — coming to school on dress-up day.

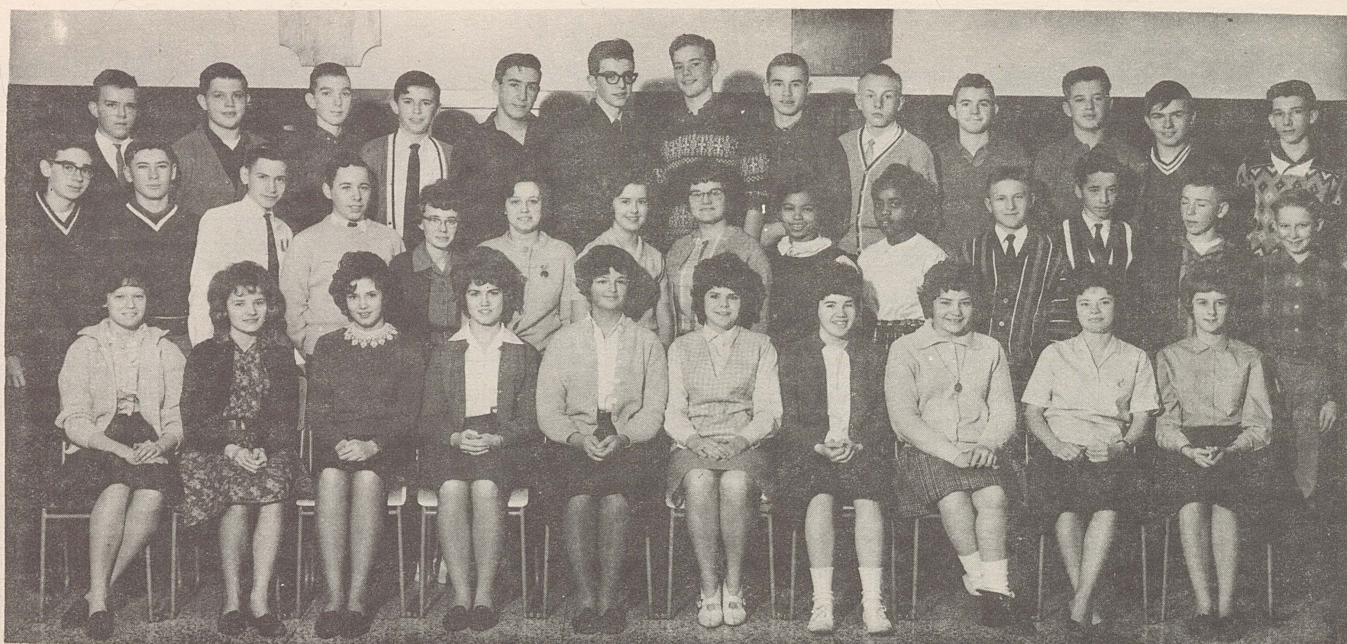
ROGER POUGET — being a Historian.

JERRY RALSTON — wearing a white shirt and tie only on special occasions.

SYLVESTER SMITH — participation in highjump as a "Deer".

GREG TOWNSEND — walking on stilts.

Grade 1X A



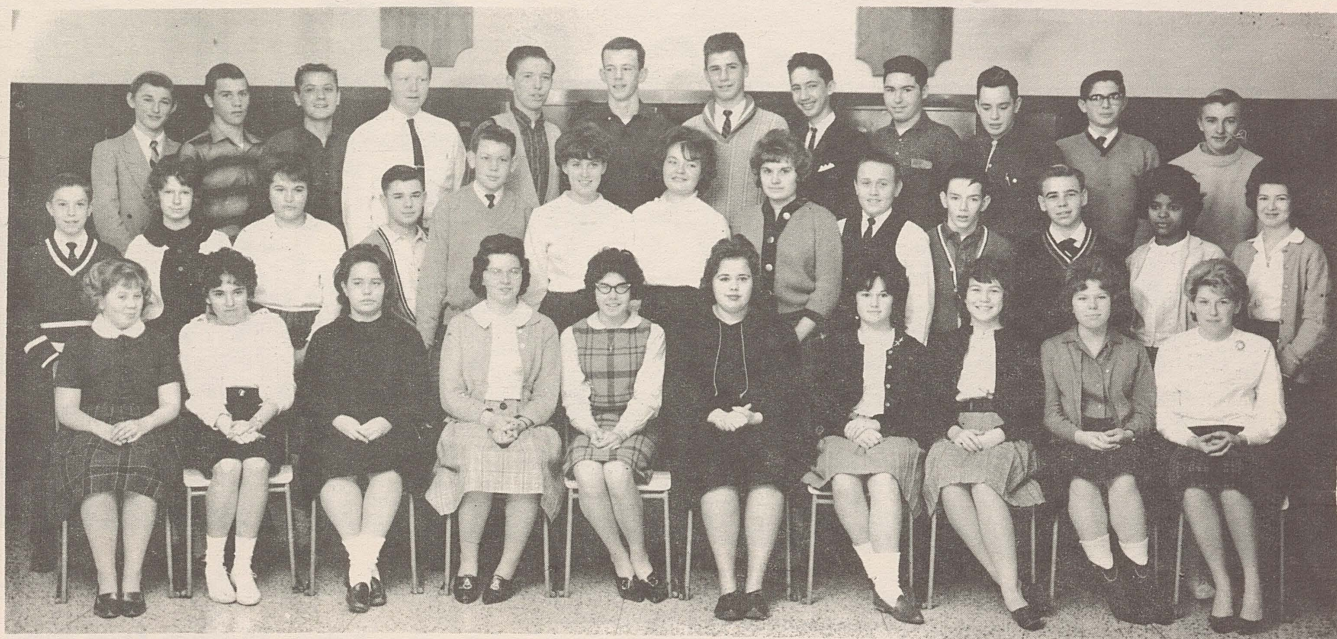
BACK ROW, Left to Right: — Brian Mutterback, Robert Wright, Robert Bondy, Allan Knickle, Tom French, Brian Meyer, Bert Kok, Paul Hendershot, Paul Ward, Graeme Ellis, John Manshande, Richard Urbanski, Gary Clark.
 MIDDLE ROW, Left to Right: — Paul Gammel, George Pretli, Charles Snider, Larry Capstick, Margaret Beaudoin, Nancy Brimmer, Patricia Chittle, Maryell Barclay, Elleanor Grayer, Ilona Talbot, Ricky Szabo, Ronald Burnett, Henry Urbanski, Casey Balvert.
 FRONT ROW, Left to Right: — Linda Graf, Eva Kmosena, Bernice Shepley, Pam Abbott, Carol Finlay, Carol Mertens, Sue Baldwin, Pat Brown, Francine Philcox, Joanne Grant.

The Future Of 1X A

CASEY BALVERT assistant to Mr. E. Young.
 PAM ABBOTT still can't decide on which boy she wants.
 SUE BALDWIN married to a millionaire.
 RICKY SZABO using red dye to preserve his hair colour.
 NANCY BRIMNER walking dictionary.
 MARGARET BEAUDOIN married to a six footer.
 ROBERT BONDY Mr. America of 1970.
 MARYELL BARCLAY champion bubble blower.
 PAT BROWN blackmailing T. Thrasher.
 LARRY CAPSTICK helping chickens keep their eggs warm.
 PAT CHITTLE world's fastest talker.
 GARY CLARK still pedalling Liberal papers.
 GRAEME ELLIS caretaker of St. Andrews.
 CAROL FINLAY writing letters to SKEET.
 JO ANN GRANT married to B. M.
 PAUL GAMMEL bass singer.
 LINDA GRAF finally stood up to answer a question without blushing.
 TOM FRENCH joins the Navy to see the world.

ELLEANOR GRAYER still going to H.D.H.S. so that she can be in sports.
 PAUL HENDERSHOT music teacher.
 EVA KMOSENA female Michael Angelo.
 ALAN KNICKLE undecided.
 BRYAN MEYER making progress in Science class with J. G.
 CAROL ANN MERTENS calling H.D.H.S. 'my school'.
 JOHN MANSHANDE waiting for inspiration.
 BRIAN MUTTERBACK Santa Claus.
 GEORGE PRETLI complete his ninth grade.
 FRANCINE PHILCOX married to J. M.
 BERNICE SHEPLEY R.B.'s secret service girl.
 CHUCK SNIDER nuclear scientist.
 ILONA TALBOT teaching English.
 HENRY URBANSKI tall, dark, handsome playboy.
 RICHARD URBANSKI French teacher.
 RON VALADE 'Professor Valade at McGill University.
 BURT KOK managing the Potato Growers Co-op.
 PAUL WARD a second Yul Brynner.
 BOB WRIGHT (Roby) taking piano lessons to be near Paul Hendershot.
 RON BURNETT trying to get a sound from his accordion.

Grade 1X B



BACK ROW, Left to Right: — Vincent Chordash, Larry Crawford, Doug Iler, Harry Knight, Richard Smith, Brian McLean, Mathew Whaley, Terry Cieben, Ronald Stefani, Douglas Stroud, David Founk, Herb Fox.

MIDDLE ROW, Left to Right: — Doug Marontate, Marjorie Shepley, Mary Duga, Bruno Schwartzpech, David Murray, Iris Quick, Judy Sabbe, Cheryl Sinasac, Allan Bondy, Bill Duffield, Robert Pillon, Vallerie Johnson, Mary Peter.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: — Karen Murray, Shirley Ford, Barbara Bondy, Maureen Richardson, Rosalie Gibb, Marilyn Snively, Doreen Malott, Sharon Bedal, Patricia Holmes, Barbara Urbanski.

Future Occupations of 1X B

SHARON BEDAL — Historian.

ALLEN BONDY — French Teacher.

BARBARA BONDY — Food Specialist.

TERRY CIEBIN — The World's Greatest Volleyball Player.

VINCENT CHORDASH — Going Out With Beauty Queens (hobby).

MAC WHALEY — Master Carpenter.

CHERYL SINASAC — Sweater Girl.

DOUG ILER — Ex Convict....

RICHARD SMITH — Doug's Accomplis.....

BILL DUFFIELD — Going to School.

MARY DUGA — Inventor of New Jitterbugs.

SHIRLEY FORD — Selling Magazine Subscriptions.

DAVE FOUNK — Still Whispering.

HERB FOX — Dying his Hair Red.

ROSALIE GIBB — World's Greatest Giggler.

PATTI HOLMES — Pitcher for the Tigers.

BARBARA URBANSKI — Catcher for the Tigers.

LARRY CRAWFORD — Charles Atlas the Second (imaginary of course).

VALLERIE JOHNSON — Still Blushing.

HARRY KNIGHT — Pool Room Operator.

DOREEN MALOTT — Still Going with Jerry D. and Ever After.

DOUGLAS MARONTATE — Growing???

BRIAN McLEAN — Famous Basketball Player.

JUDY SABBE — Still Dreaming About Purple Hair.

BOB PILLON — Comedian.

IRIS QUICK — Still Swinging Away at Old BOB.

MAUREEN RICHARDSON — Auctioneer.

MARJORIE SHEPLEY — Mr. E. Young's Successor.

BRUNO SCHWARTZPECK — A Big Football Hero.

MARILYN SNIVELY — Ringing the Bell at H.D.H.S.

DOUG STROUD — Catch a Little Fishie on a Hook Etc.

RONALD STEFANI — Still Trying to Break the 100 yd. Record.

KAREN MURRAY — Dancing Instructor.

HOME ROOM TEACHER!!! — Miss Chauvin, Mrs. McKeen, Mr. Heaney. We are wearing them out as Fast as they Come Now.

Grade 1X C



Back Row, Left to Right: Jim Mulder, Clayton Grayer, Wesley Ford, Louis Melo, Steve Toth, Tom Collings, Floyd Wilson, Garry Quick, David Langford, Michael Kowalewicz.
 Middle Row, Left to Right: Charles Salter, Robert Grayer, Larry Bezaire, Bernadette Ruthven, Jill Valade, Keitha Mulder, Barbara McLean, Larry Wilson, Richard Baylis, Ronnie Brown.
 Front Row, Left to Right: Margaret Wilson, Ann Pretli, Kathy Kimball, Ethelda Mulder, Betty Baylis, Virginia Wilson, Louise Ruthven.
 Absent: Bill Bezaire, William Appel, Jim Finlay.

Can You Imagine 1X C

BARBARA McLEAN — pausing when answering a question.

LINDA STEPHENS — not making eyes at J. K.

JILL VALADE — being the aunt of Ron V.

ANN PRETLI — looking very shapley in gym uniform.

MARGARET WILSON — laughing when asked a question.

BERNADETTE RUTHVEN — having W. A. all over her books.

LOUISE RUTHVEN — liking Math.

ETHELDA MULDER — liking boys, "very possible".

KATHY KIMBALL — being slim and trim — think now!

MIKE KOWALEWICZ — losing the boy's attendance sheet.

STEVE TOTH — not fooling around with K. K. in Science period.

DAVE LANGFORD — being Rip Van Winkle.

JIM FINLAY — admitting he knows everything.

TOM COLLINGS — thinking of himself as a brain.

JAMES MULDER — having any demerits left from chewing gum.

LOUIS MELO — being picked on in English class.

FLOYD WILSON — admitting what he doesn't know.

CHARLES SALTER — being the quietest of the whole class.

ROBERT GRAYER — not giggling when asked a question.

CLAYTON GRAYER — liking MARGARET WILSON.

WESLEY FORD — being the brother of Carol.

RONALD BROWN — looking dreamy in gym shorts.

BILL APPEL — being the outstanding boy in class.

LARRY BEZAIRE — staring at girls or fighting with them.

LARRY WILSON — always picking on Richard Baylis.

RICHARD BAYLIS — answering questions with a low down voice.

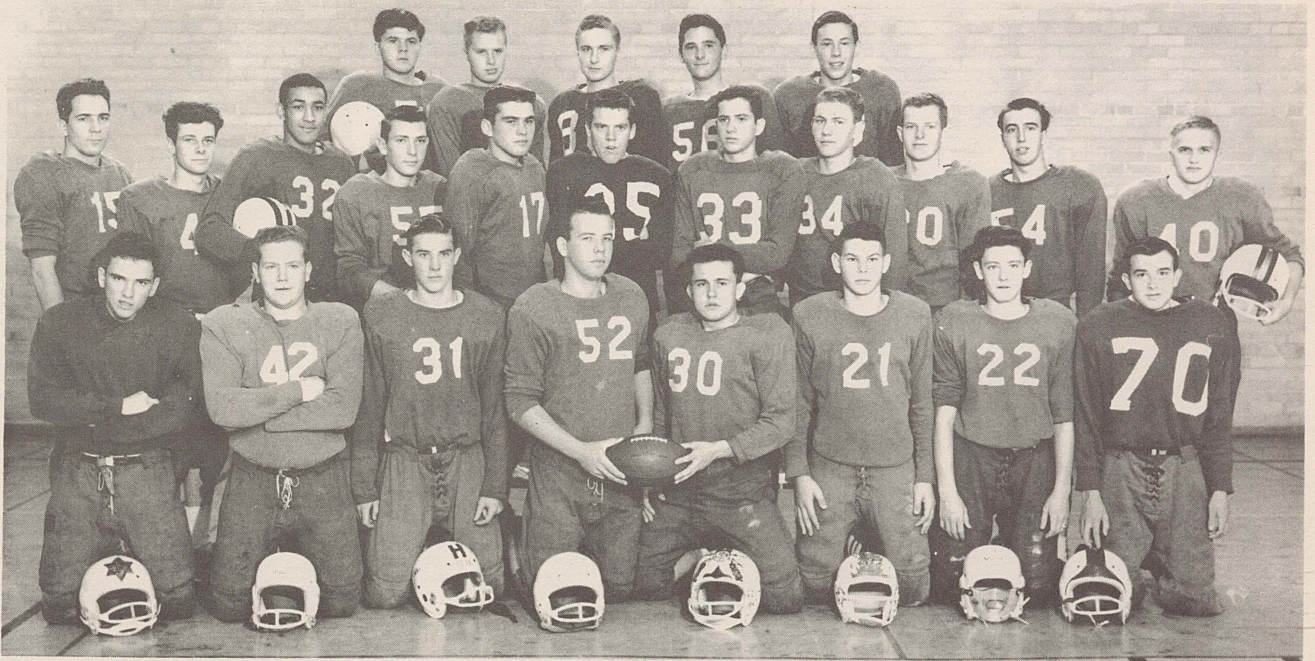
BILL BEZAIRE — a repeater and loves it... "Impossible"you say!

GARRY QUICK — not admitting what he doesn't know.



SPORTS

Senior Boys' Football



Back Row: Jim Grabb, Phil Gibson, Ron Johnson, Ed Ouellette, Ron Wensley.

Second Row: Larry Walls, Jerry Deslippe, Leon Smith, Garry Scott, George Loscher, Dick Ounsworth, Charles Ryan, Doug McKeen, Richard Pollard, Tom Bondy, John McDonald.

Front Row: Malcolm Young, Mike Munger, Bill Hendershot, Don Mortimore, Ginder Kroh, Jim McKeen, Stu Watson, Leon Agla.

Junior Boys' Football



Front Row: Paul Langlois, Tom French, Stu Watson, Jim McKeen, Raymond Agla, Mike Kowalewicz, Wesley Ford, Robert Wright, Pat Pare.

Middle Row: Orrie Wigle, David Murray, Gary Baltzer, David Sellick, Frank Seitz, Herb Fox, John McDonald, Terry Ciebin, Brian McLean, Gary Quick, Gary Scott.

Back Row: Dennis Harrison, Howard Sellick, Nick Wenzler, Paul Hendershot, Larry Crawford, Steve Toth.

Senior Girls' Volleyball



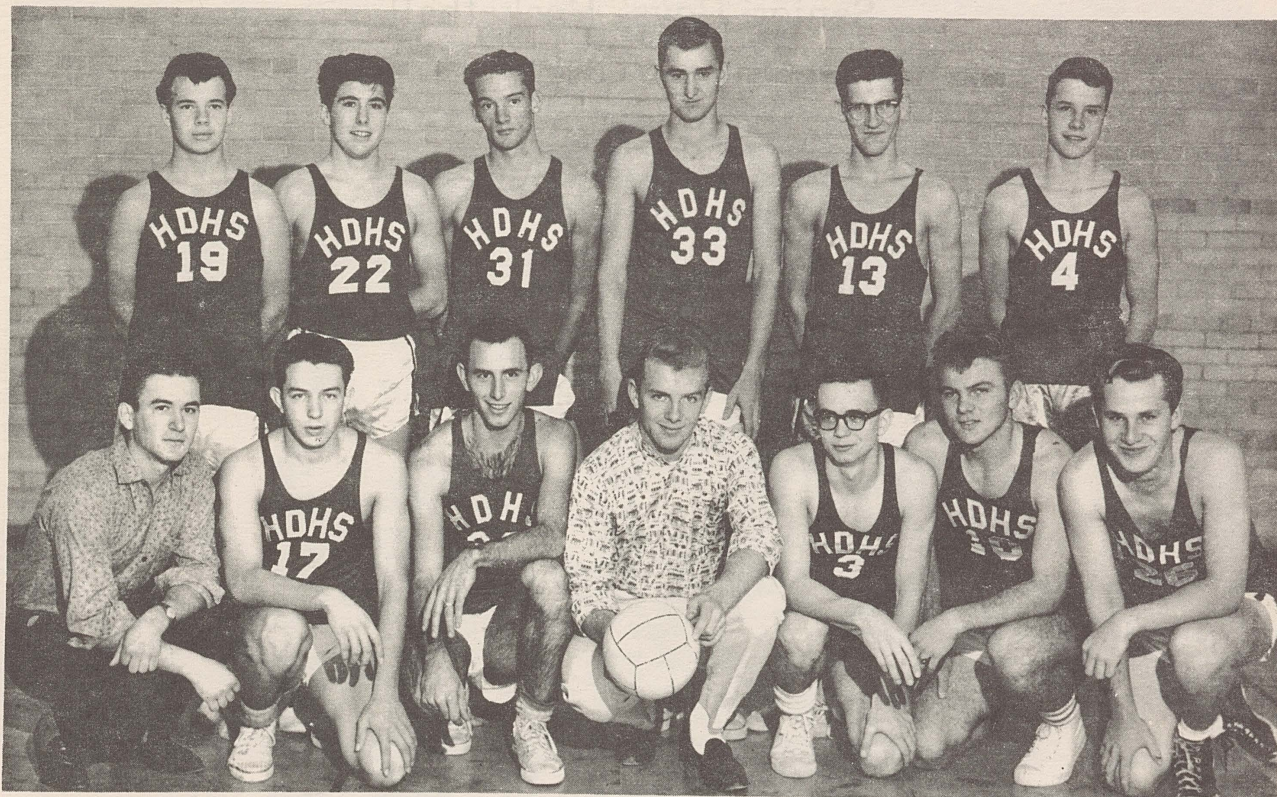
Back Row, Left to Right: Margaret Haslam, Judy Gammon, Marcia Richardson, Betty France, Annette Herrema, Margaret Hedges, Beverly Palmer, Betty Kordyban,
Front Row, Left to Right: Frances Seitz, Barbara Fox, Bernice Brush, Anne Winters, Lee Ann Munger, Sandra Scott, Shirley Bedal.

Junior Girls' Volleyball



Back Row, Left to Right: Hilda Pocontos, Linda Taylor, Mary Kordyban, Bess McLean, Beth Sweet, Eileen Strohm, Mary Gerry, Barbara Sweet, Burnetta Day, Pauline Quick.
Front Row, Left to Right: Susan Baldwin, Francine Philcox, Linda Graf, Cheryl Philcox, Gloria Eansor, Jean Palmer, Sally Meek, Sandra Squire.

Senior Boys' Volleyball



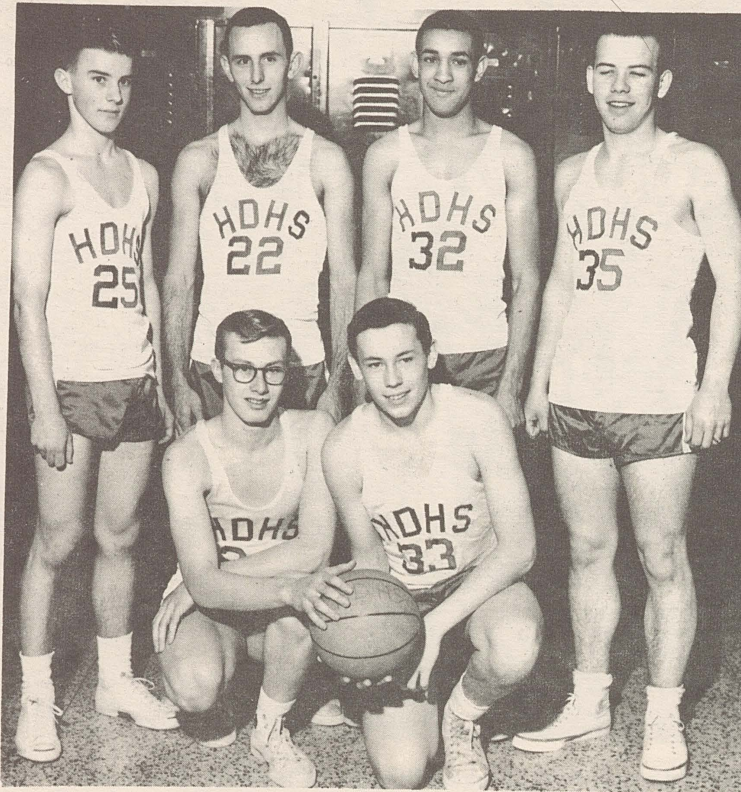
Back Row, Left to Right: Ed McConnell, Keith Langlois, Richard Ferriss, Stuart Raynor, Richard Pare, Dennis Harrison.
Front Row, Left to Right: Joseph Bernat, David Hernandez, Jim Ferriss, Jay Thomas, Jack Kehl, Witold Dudzic, George Pretli.

Cheerleaders



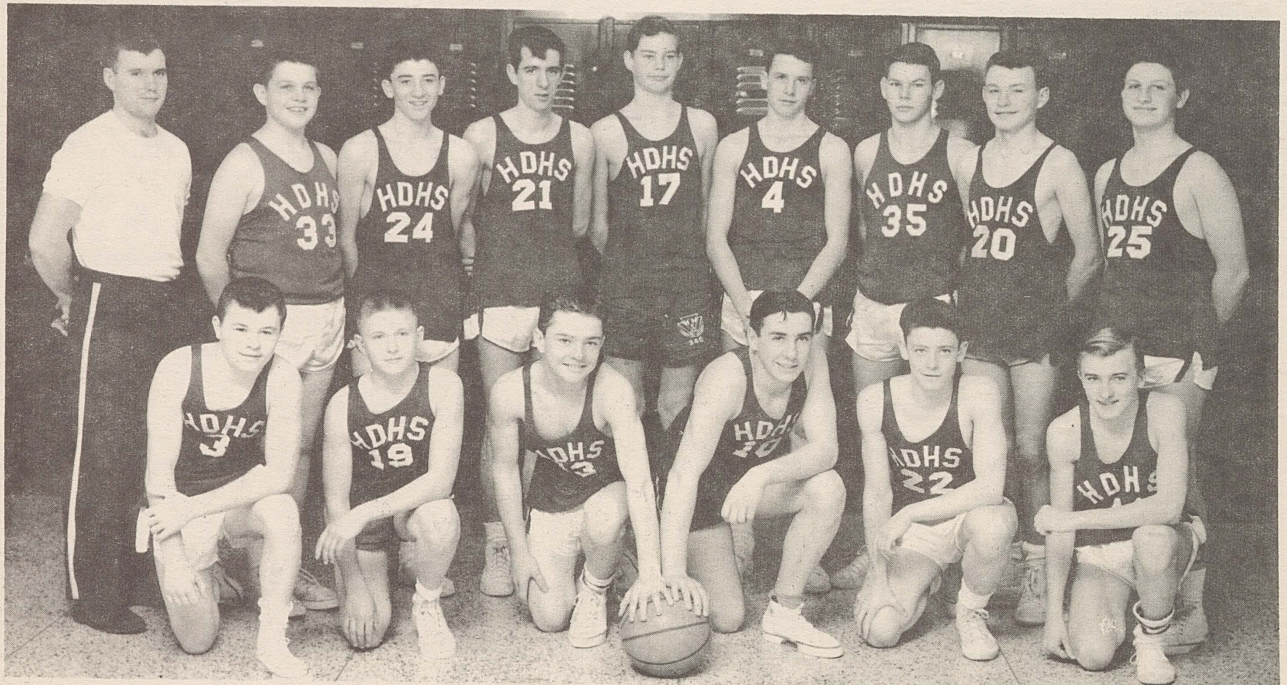
Left to Right: Barb Clark, Janet Kimball, Linda Doyle, Pam Wright, Carol Fabok, Deanne Robinson, Joanne Wright, Kathy Darby, Mabel Hawkins, Sandra Heaton, Linda Quick, Janice Reese, Amy Lypps.

Senior Boys' Basketball



Back Row, Left to Right: Bill Hendershot, Jim Ferriss, Leon Smith, Don Mortimore.
Front Row, Left to Right: Gerry Wass, Rodney Wensley. Absentees: Sandy Scatterty, Jay Thomas.

Junior Boys' Basketball



Front Row: David Sellick, Rick Szabo, Gary Baltzer, Tom French, Stu Watson, Herbie Fox.
Back Row: Mr. McLeod, Roby Wright, Steve Toth, Joe Demeris, Bert Kock, Denny Harrison, Jim McKeen, Howard Sellick, Brian Munroe.

Senior Girls' Basketball



BACK ROW: Bernice Brush, Linda Bondy, Betty France, Margie Haslam, Susan Rayner, Barb Sweet, Marg Hedges, Betty Kordyban.

FRONT ROW: — Carol Carr, Sandra Scott, Donna Pigeon, Lee Ann Munger, Shirley Bedal, Marcia Richardson.

Junior Girls' Basketball



BACK ROW, Left to Right: — Sandra Squire, Mary Kordyban, Sally Meek, Mary Gerry, Barbara Lankin, Eileen Strohm, Lissa Cox, Jean Palmer, Ginger Webster.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: — Pauline Quick, Sandra Brush, Gloria Eansor, Linda Taylor, Cheryl Philcox, Ellen Nelson, Kathy Brown.

Girls' Basketball Teams

The Junior Girls did exceptionally well in the 1963 Basketball season. They came through the season with an overall winning of 4 games. In the play-off finals which they played against Kingsville they won a glorious victory with a total score of 101 to 45. This gave them the E. C. S. S. A. title. They then played for the S. W. O. S. S. A. title against Merlin, which was lost by a total score of 120 to 91. Merlin received this title but Harrow saw that they earned it.

Our Senior girls did not do as well. Although they fought just as hard they met with stiffer competition. Winning 2 out of the scheduled 4 games does not give the true picture. All games were won or lost by a close margin.

In both cases the teams succeeded in carrying on Harrow's fine tradition.

—SHIRLEY BEDAL

Senior Football

The Senior Team spent an interesting season on the gridiron this fall; although we didn't bring home the S.W.O.S.S.A. Championship. Mr. McLeod worked diligently to get his squad working together and clicking on a few of the formations. Many members of the team were lacking in experience but put up a good fight anyway. Charles Ryan, the captain, brought his players into every game with enthusiasm; and encouraged us when our hopes for victory were low. Although we placed second in most of the games, at least we learned to take a loss well.

Senior Basketball

Although the boys failed to get in the play-offs, they placed third in the league standing. They fought each game with enthusiasm and had the desire and ambition, if not the experience. The coach, Mr. Roberts, drilled his team untiringly and played out each game from the sidelines.

When Harrow played Amherstburg at Harrow, the most exciting game of the season was witnessed by the spectators. The lead passed from team to team up until a few short seconds from the final buzzer, when Harrow pulled out ahead to win by one point.

Jay Thomas was one of the leading scorers and his effort added greatly to the teams success.

House League

In House League Basketball, Gamma boys won both the Junior and Senior Divisions. Inter-class basketball and volleyball was played also.

Winners of the Foul Shooting Contest were: David Hernandez (Alpha), and Wesley Ford, (Beta).

Girls' Volleyball Teams

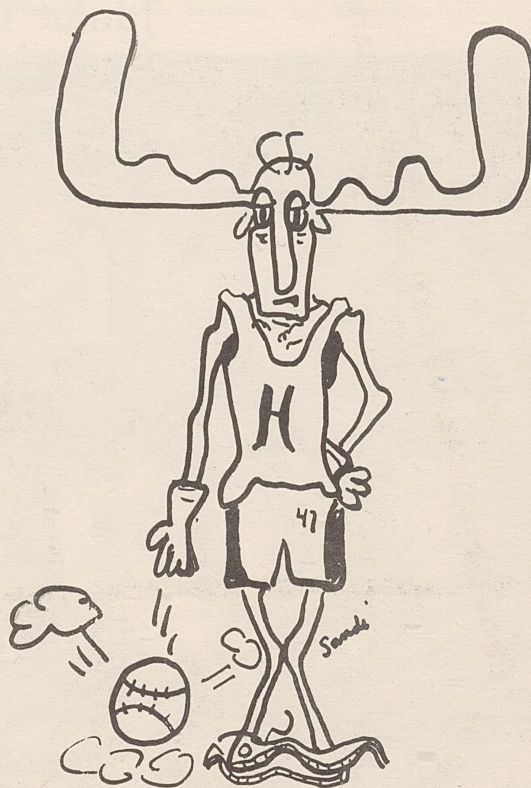
Harrow Teams, as usual, contributed strong competition to all rivals that met with them on the volleyball court. Organization between team and coach, was the backbone for the co-ordinated team effort that was displayed. The coach, Miss Lonsbery, displayed her talent by teaching the individual players to function in unison. Vigorous work was rewarding. The Junior girls came in second at Kingsville in the tournament with a score of 15-11, 15-6, for Kingsville. They went to Blenheim the following week where they were defeated.

The Senior Girls did not do quite as well, but the scores were close. In any case, their spirits were high and the players showed wonderful sportsmanship.

—SHIRLEY BEDAL

Junior Basketball

This year, the team missed out on a championship in the final game at Amherstburg by 5 points. This game meant Harrows' last chance to get into the playoffs and everybody put all that they had into it. The captain, Denis Harrison, was top scorer in most of the games and led his team to 4 victories out of 6 games. Coached by Mr. McLeod, the group showed great ability and good sportsman-like attitude while on the floor. I am sure that we shall see a few of these players standing out on the Senior Team next year.





Activities



Haro Plane Club

BACK ROW, Left to Right: Henry Newmiller, Randy Meyer, Mr. E. Young, Bill Appel, Ed Ouellette.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Chuckie Snider, Brian McLean, Herbie Fox.

Tractor Club

BACK ROW, Left to Right: Nick Wenzler, Mr. Harrison. Ed Ouellette, Randy Meyers, Jim Pollard.

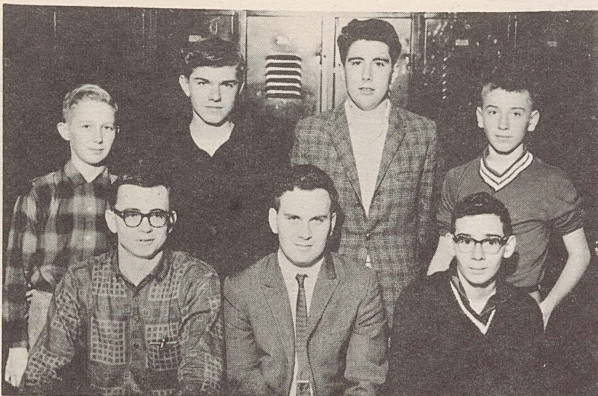
FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Henry Newmiller, George McLean, Merle Howie, Bill Elford, Brian Munroe.



Radio Club

BACK ROW, Left to Right: Casey Balvert, Richard Urbanski, Keith Langlois, Henry Urbanski.

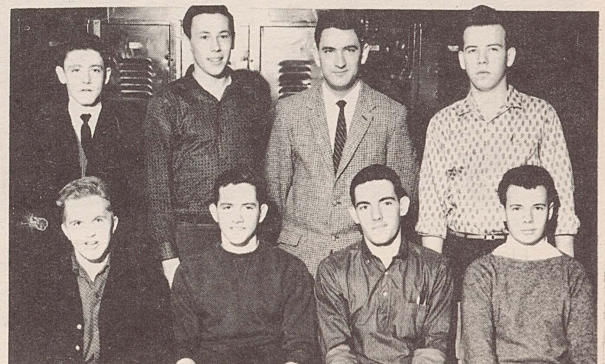
FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Jack Kehl, Mr. McTavish, Paul Gammel.



Golf Club

BACK ROW, Left to Right: Stu Watson, Rod Wensley, Mr. Quenneville, Don Mortimore.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: John McDonald, Charles Ryan, Jim Lonsbery, Ed McConnell. Absent: Mr. McLeod.



Spanish Club



FRONT ROW: — Karen Ciphery, Francis Seitz, Arlene Klie, Bernice Brush, Kathy Brown, Barb Clark, Sandra Tofflemire, Sally Meek.

BACK ROW: — Donna Croucher, Kathy Thorpe, Leslie Peter, Stu Watson, Mr. Quenneville, Doug McKeen, Barb Paul, Deanna Robinson, Kathy Darby, Mabel Hawkins.

Library Staff



FRONT ROW: — Pat Goslin, Elizabeth Chordash, Mr. Pouget, Mr. Barwick, Keith Langlois, Louise Baltzer, Arlene Klie.

BACK ROW: — Maryell Barclay, Mary Kordyban, Orrie Wigle, Terry Ciebin, John Manshande, Chuck Snider, Rosemary Bondy, Carol Fabok, Henry Urbanski, Casey Balvert.

Red Cross Club

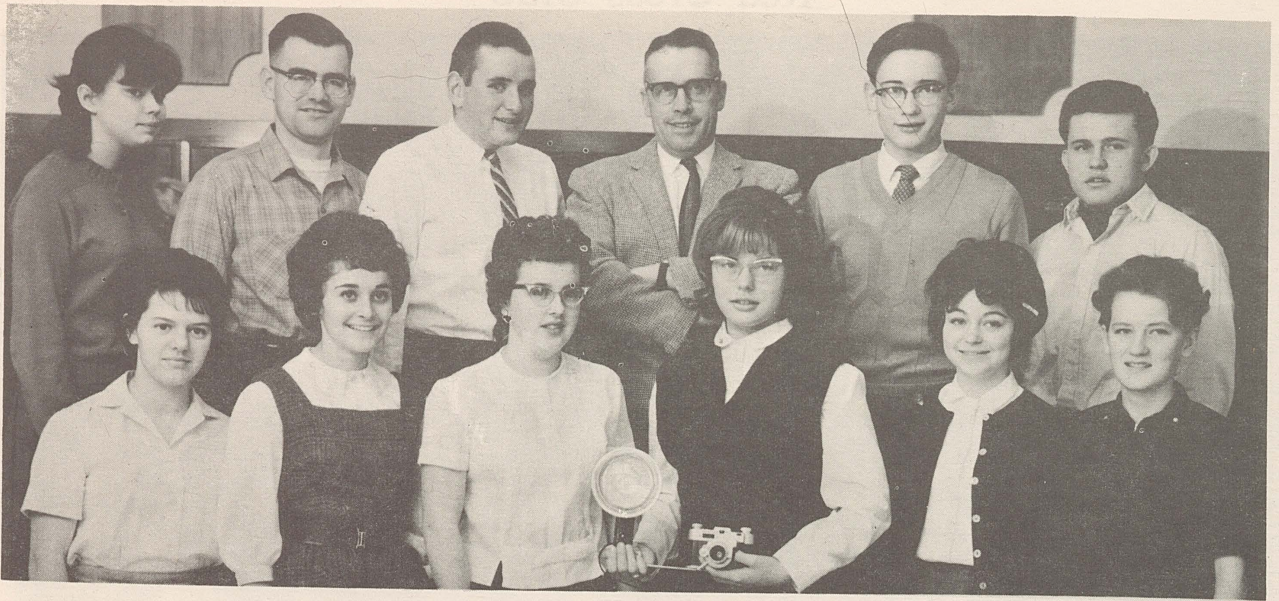


BACK ROW, Left to Right: — Carol Fabok, Carol Carr, Elizabeth McLean, Barbara Sweet, Susan Raynor.
MIDDLE ROW, Left to Right: Mrs. McKeen, Sandra Heaton, Pat Goslin, Louise Baltzer, Arlene Klie, Sandra Squire, Mrs. Newman.
FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Mabel Hawkins, Bernice Brush, Marcia Richardson, Barbara Fox (President), Kathy Darby, Barbara Clark.

Glee Club



BACK ROW: Maureen Burnett, Elizabeth Chordash, Carol Mertens, Margaret Strohm, Sandra Chevalier, Donna Croucher, Jean Palmer.
MIDDLE ROW: Mabel Hawkins, Goldie Chordash, Karen Ciphery, Mr. Duckworth, Sandra Squire, Linda Howie, Arlene Klie, Mrs. Newman.
FRONT ROW: Ginger Webster, Joyce Hill, Burnetta Day, Pat Goslin, Carol Hertel, Francis Seitz.



FRONT ROW: — Hilda Schmidt, Carol Fabok, Rosemary Bondy, Sandra Chevalier, Helen Gaertner, Carol Hertel.
BACK ROW: — Carol Kisser, Roger Putman, Jim Wright, Mr. Harrison, Nick Wenzler, Gunther Kroh.

The Drama Club

The Drama Club, with Mr. Whelan as Staff Councillor, presented the award-winning production of "An Overpraised Season" by Richard S. Dunlop. The forty-minute play, which, in episodic form, concerned two boys and a girl; a domineering religious nut of a mother; and a selfish, egocentric father; was a powerful and touching story about the numerous problems facing today's intelligent and sensitive adolescents. A narrator expanded the philosophy of the presentation. This unique production was presented on a bare stage and used contemporary black costuming. The play called for special lighting affects and students on the crews spent many long hours on technical rehearsals. The characters, too, put a tremendous amount of time and effort into the presentation. The club truly enjoyed putting on this play and are looking forward to next year's production.

— A. Nonny Moose.



TO BE OR NOT TO BE
 THIS IS A QUESTION ?

Red Cross

The election of the officers took place in September, and the executive is as follows: President, Barbara Fox; vice-president, Marcia Richardson; secretary-treasurer, Kathy Darby.

Our activities included a fall dance from which we made approximately \$40.00, selling ribbons, and sending candy to shut-ins.

A very successful Penny Drive was held, and we made \$60.00. The enthusiastic students of 10A were the winners; their reward was a weekend without homework.

Mrs. Newman and Miss Chauvin supervised our group and offered their advice.

Glee Club

As everyone knows the Harrow District High School now has a singing Glee Club. We are not, as yet, too numerous in number so therefore we are still seeking people, both boys and girls, who want to join our group.

We are planning a joint recital within the next few weeks by the Glee Club with Burnetta Day as soloist, John McCormick as pianist, and Harold Thrasher as clarinetist. This will be an evening performance that will prove to be a treat for music lovers. At the end of the school season, a joint concert of the Glee Club, the Harrow Junior Choir, and a group of string players from Leamington who are directed by Mr. John Neufeld will be held. Further announcements will be made about both of these programmes in the future.

— Burnetta Day.

OFFICERS ARE AS FOLLOWS: PRESIDENT, Pat Goslin; VICE-PRESIDENT, Ginger Webster; SECRETARY, Burnetta Day; TREASURER, Burnetta Day; LIBRARIAN, Jean Palmer; STUDENTS COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVE, Mabel Hawkins; ACCOMPANYIST, Arlene Klie; CONDUCTOR, Mr. H. Duckworth.

Camera Club

The Camera Club this year, due to the brilliant leadership of Mr. Harrison, to better organization, and to faithful membership, soared to new heights.

The organization was more closely related to the Yearbook and took most of the pictures for the photography section. Due to this, most of the year was spent learning to process negatives and develop prints. We also studied better lighting techniques, picture composition and action shots. Next year the Camera Club hopes to develop to such a degree that it will be able to work on a paying basis. This we hope to do by processing films and doing enlargements at cut rate prices.

— Sandi Chevalier, vice-pres.

Golf Team

This past fall the Harrow High School's first golf team was formed under the leadership of Mr. McLeod and Mr. Quenneville. . . The team participated in a tournament involving the rural schools. This tournament was won by North Essex High. Our team did not fare too well, but with a little more interest and participation by our students, we could improve greatly in future tournaments.

Ed McConnell.

Radio Club

The members are those who are interested in radio and T.V. It is sponsored by Mr. McTavish. We meet every other week on Wednesdays, after school. We work on projects of our own or a project for the whole club. We discuss and do research on different topics about radio and television.

President is Richard Urbanski, Vice-President is Casey Balvert, Sec.-Treasurer is Henry Urbanski, and Parts Manager is Paul Gammel.

The Library Staff

Several new members have been recruited to the Library Staff this year as some of the older members have graduated from Harrow High School. The members who have remained on the staff have ably assisted the new members in becoming conversant in the Library Organization. The new staff is doing well.

In September we received a large sum of books which were added to the Library, these were catalogued and placed on the shelves before October, so they could be circulated to the students.

The officers are: Chief Librarian, Elizabeth Chordash, assistant Librarian, Keith Langlois. Mr. Renwick and Mr. Pouget supervised our activities and presented their advice.



NANCY DOYLE



LINDA BONDY



LINDA SCOTT
Queen



DONNA BEZAIRE



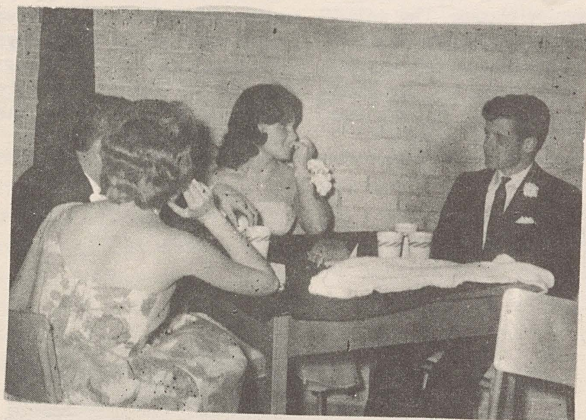
NANCY MEEK



DIANE KAEI



1962 PROM



NARRATOR

EDITORIAL ~ ~ ~

In the first century B.C., a group of household servants, busying themselves at laying waste to a grainfield, laid down their arms, and marched to the left gate. Little did this noble band of men realize what was to come from this act.

"Insignifigant," you say; "Why should I care about it? So a bunch of lazy fools gave up and trotted over to a gate. So what?" How many students at the Harrow High School realize what these 'Lazy Fools' started. How many know what lies behind this one, seemingly trivial act.

When these seldom—praised men—sacrificed their good time—(good grain fields just waiting to be laid waste to, are hard to find)—they began a ritual which is celebrated by more than one third of this high school's student body. They began the "noon-hour retreat".

In 1863, one J. E. Moose (great-great-grandfather of our A. Nonny Moose) acting in an official capacity as chairman

of the "Committee for the Establishment of a Canadian Willow Tree Forest," stumbled across a small clearing in the densely wooded countryside. Here, lighted only by a faltering shaft of sunlight which poked it's way through the thick boughs of the Poison Sumacs, this courageous little man planted one, small, Willow tree."

The small seedling grew to a righteous size and is the only willow tree in the modern world with maple leaves.

It is only fitting that this is the tree to which the students of the Harrow Distict High School should turn, when they wish to celebrate the "Noon-hour retreat".

When we turn, at mid-day, to this tree we must keep foremost in our minds why we burn the incense at the base of this living altar. We must remember our ancestors and be grateful for their heroic deeds which they performed for us.

Your Editor;
A. Nonny Moose.

"BURNETTA"



BURNETTA

A good all-round student and interested in sports, Burnetta Day takes highest honours in singing.

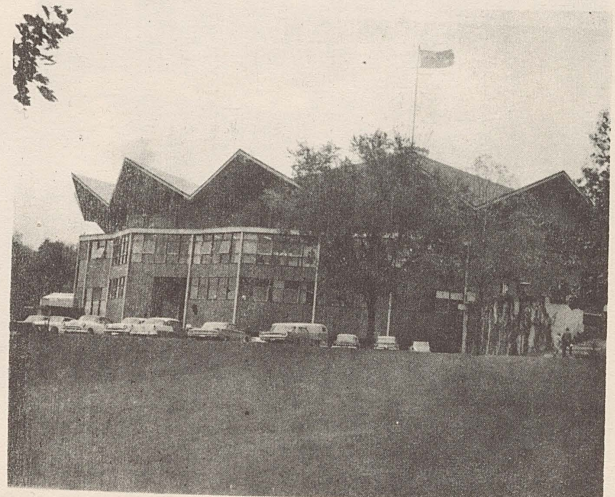
In the 1963 Kiwanis Music Festival held in Windsor, she won the Junior Rose Bowl Award, placing firsts in several senior classes. The adjudicator gave her a mark of 88 for "Tell Me O Blue, Blue Sky" and "Flowers the Fairest" and praised her for her "voice of sweet quality."

Success is not new to Burnetta. She has sung on television several times. Last summer, at the C.N.E., she won two firsts and a second.

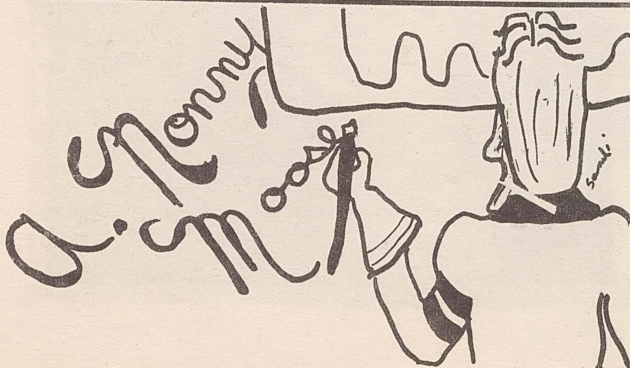
Burnetta also gives her talents to churches and clubs, and has even enlivened a few recent political rallies.

Burnetta's mother was her first music teacher, and Mrs. Day is still her greatest source of help and inspiration. Burnetta now takes lessons at the Ursuline School of Music in Windsor. Burnetta's success has come through hard work as well as from natural talent. An hour at the piano and an hour singing comprise her music homework each night.

Where is this marvellous voice going? Once a talent scout tried to engage her for night-club performances. She told him she was 10 years old and gave him a phony address just to get rid of him. Says Burnetta, with eyes twinkling: "I'd like to get a university education, then try for the "Met" or something like that."



The sacred shrine to which the Grades 11 and 12 English students journeyed. Although the Stratford production of Macbeth was a bit shaky. The Tempest proved to be more acceptable. But the bus ride made up for Macbeth.



Sandra Slanders Anne Landers - - - - -



insecure. You must have cried too much when you were a baby, and she feels her motherhood was a failure. Don't be so selfish; try to think of her side. The only solution is to start all over again from the beginning and reassure her all the way.

to a warm Italian climate, and now that you have been exposed to our harsh freezing winter, surely you can see the purpose of not shaving the hair; unless, of course, you wear leggings. You must remember, Gerdy, you're in a new country now, don't go against the grain of our society if you wish to be accept-

ed. Now that we've decided to keep it, here's a little beauty tip. On windy days brush downwards with long brisk strokes and then tuck it into your socks. This prevents that "fly away look." As for thinking you look like a baboon, don't be silly. Remember your legs are much more shapely; the foliage doesn't count.

Dear Anne Slanders: I have a problem. I am 36 years of age and still living with my mother. I've given up trying to date because of my mother's interference. One of her usual routines — An eligible young man phones for a date, if my mother answers she tells him I died last night. If this doesn't work and I do secure a date she's hot on my tail. The other night I was preparing to go out. No sooner had I run a tub full of (warm water and beautiful pink sweet-smelling bubble bath and had just got in, when my mother pulled the plug. Once I got my leg out of the drain and went to my room to dress, what do you think I found? Why, she had tied my slip to the bed post, layed my dress out for me under the mattress in a neat little ball, accidentally dropped my shoes down the clothes shoot and filled my nylons with nail polish—to prevent them from running, she said. Finally, when my date came to the door, she told him that I was sick with a kanker sore and didn't ever want to see him again. I love my mother but what should I do?

—getting discouraged—

* * *

Dear Getting: I'm afraid I must side with your mother in this case. Obviously she feels

Dear Anne Slanders: What is my problem. I am a tall dark and handsome boy who does not mind girls. The fact is I have to have one (permanently I'm afraid). My problem is I've been having some difficulty in capturing one. I have personality galore I can dance beautifully, I love going places (as long as she pays her half). I don't mind touching her if I must (ie. such as in dancing) I'm a brilliant conversationalist. I love flowers. My plates don't click any more and I wear my long shiny silky black hair in pig tails instead of down long so it won't get in her way. I have only one little insignificant problem, I can't leave my mommy so we will have to live with her and I'm afraid she's rather possessive. What's the matter with the girls anyway? They know I'm in the market for one. What are my chances of marriage soon?

— Debonnaire —

* * *

Dear Deb: What are your chances of getting married soon? IEK!!

* * *

Confidential: To Miss Gerdy Schluminvitch of 121 Northfield Rut: Your father is absolutely right. You are used



1963 PROM QUEEN Pam Wright and her escort Rick Townsend.

TEEN CLUB

Through the years of the Teen Club's existence in Harrow, the proficient executive have planned many fulfilled evenings for the teen of Harrow and the surrounding district.

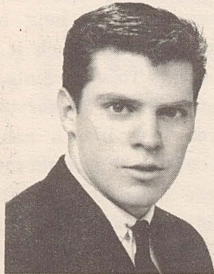
Featured at the dances, usually held at two week intervals, were such eminent personalities as the Montcolms recording group, Bill Richardson and orchestra, last year's Miss Western Ontario (Darlene Carter), Dave Mitchell, Bob Staton and Bud Davies. A new idea was made a reality on March 2 of this year when the parents joined

the teenagers in a night of enjoyable dancing.

Besides providing entertainment for many, the teen club contributed otherwise by the donation of beneficial articles to the students of Harrow High School. For instance, in the year '61-62 a \$357.00 water cooler was installed in the main hall replacing the old fountain in providing cool water to all who wish it.

In future years you may be assured that the Harrow Teen Club will continue to provide enjoyable activities for the benefit of the community.

Angry Young Pseudo-Epicurian Sociologist 'Speaks His Confused Mind'



by R. S. OUNSWORTH

Hearsay! Gossip! Trumped up Victorian attitudes! Ignorance! These are a few of the things which are thwarting the chances of our young men to enjoy one of the most rewarding and educational experiences of their youth. I speak of none other than the mecca of the adolescent, that garden of recreation, the pool room.

A cursory look at history will reveal that no institution has received such unfounded criticism. Parents, teachers, clergymen, people who have never set foot into one of these persecuted establishments condemn it as a degenerating, desultory 'hole'. Never since the Inquisition has there been such misconstrued dogma.

In Athens the young men used to frequent the Acropolis. It was from there that Socrates, Plato and Aristotle began thinking. Surely Rome must have had a similar meeting place. But modern society has a far more reasonable anological facsimile.

The pool room is in effect a development centre. Adolescence, the maturing, adjusting, years are the most crucial in the life of a human being. In the confines of this serene refuge a sensitive boy

can gracefully learn the ethics of manhood. He learns to express his ideas forcefully and accept criticism with dignity. The friendly, relaxing atmosphere induces the self conscious boy to put forth his interpretation and ideals.

The pool room is the home away from home of youth. Here he can take refuge from the slanderous ways of the world. Gradually the true meaning of solid comradeship becomes apparent to him. Where else can one attain similar social contacts?

The game itself is challenging and requires a certain amount of self-discipline. When the novice has conquered the fundamentals of skill he will then move into the aurora borealis of self knowledge. A keen eye, a calculating mind, and cool judgment are essential. He will learn to recognize at a glance the difference between the feasible and the impracticable.

The beneficial effects of the product of the pool room are as evident as they are plentiful. The most prominent of these is a calm inquisitive nature accompanied by marked politeness and self respect.

It is the writer's serious intention and sincere desire that this humble article will enlighten the public provoke the good people of this fair town to promote C.U.E.S. (Council for the Undermining of Educational Systems.)

For further information contact your local Secretary-General of the organization. (Phone RE 8-2301).

Initiation Huge Success . . .

September 21, 1962.

The annual ritual of initiation was held at Harrow District High School today with the stars of the day being the Ninth Graders, who came dressed for the occasion in diapers, nightgowns, potato bags and high heeled shoes. They were required to do as the Seniors requested and held up quite well under their ordeal.

The girls were attired in gym suits and diapers, one high-heeled and one flat shoe, and hair done up in clothes pins. The boys were also a beautiful sight in their nightgowns, potato sacks and high heels, nylons and hair bows.

For easy identification, the Ninth graders wore large name tags on their backs. For convenience, they carried their

books in 11-quart baskets. It was announced that a basket of books were missing and must be returned or the initiation would be cancelled. Fortunately they were recovered and the torture continued.

To conclude the day's fun, a show, starring all of Grade Nine was staged in the gymnasium. The program included an apple dunking contest, pushing erasers across the floor with the nose, a three-legged race, a twist contest and a tricycle race.

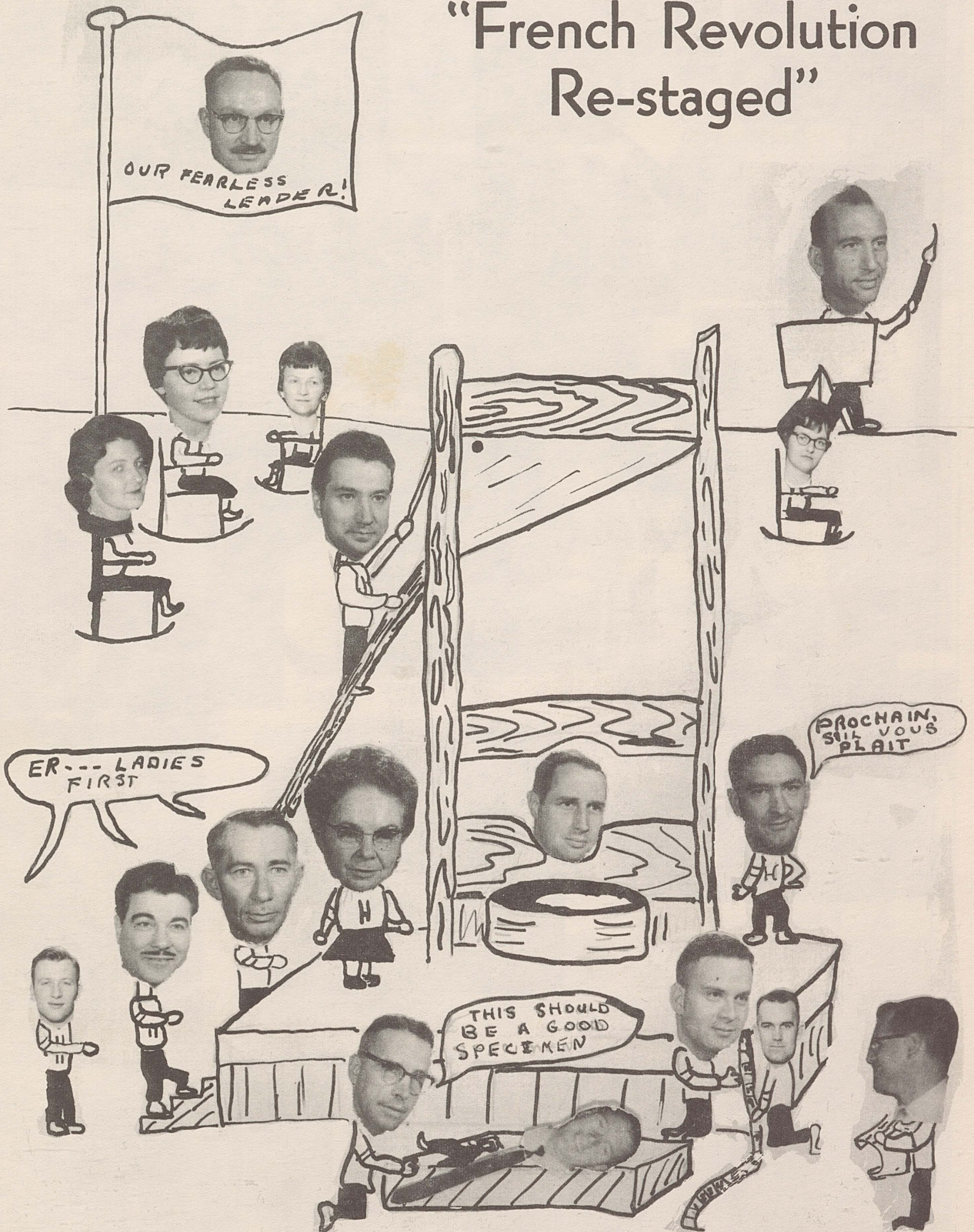
At the end of the day, everyone agreed that the Ninth Graders of 1962 proved themselves very good sports and they certainly deserve praise for their cheerful acceptance of their trials.





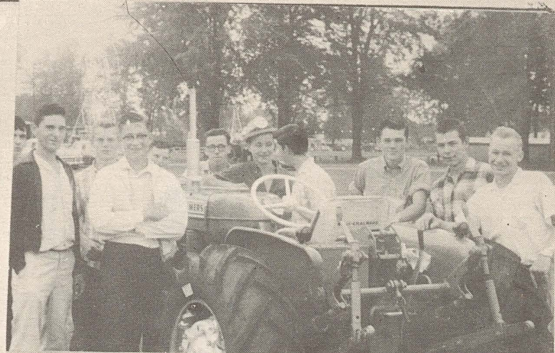
Photography

"French Revolution Re-staged"





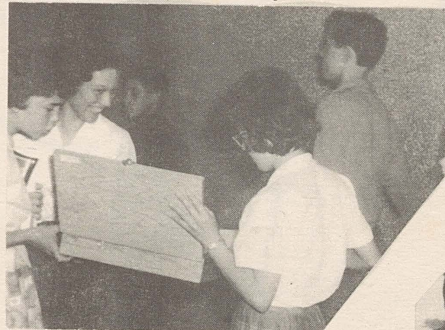
"Robert Rides Again ---"



"Cute - eh?"



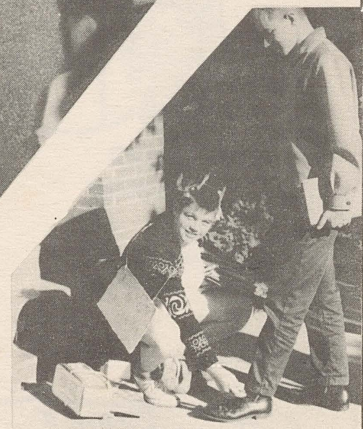
"Catching Butterflies for Botany?"



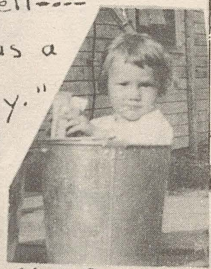
"S'alright"



A Fling into the Fashion World



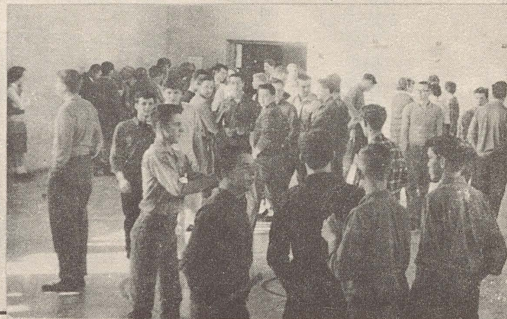
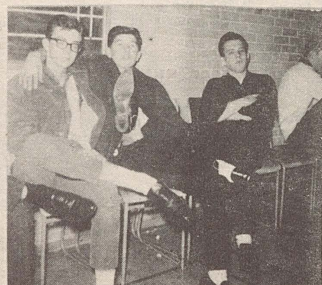
"Well---
it was a
hot day."

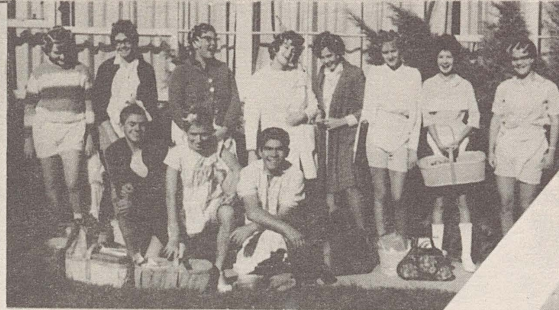


K. Brown.

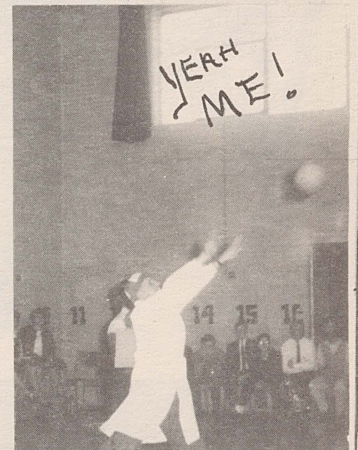
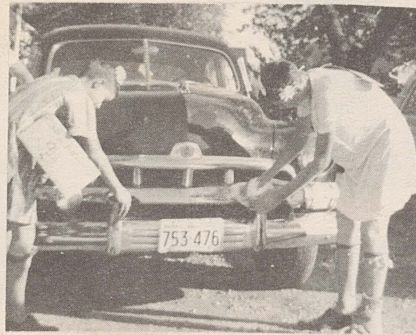
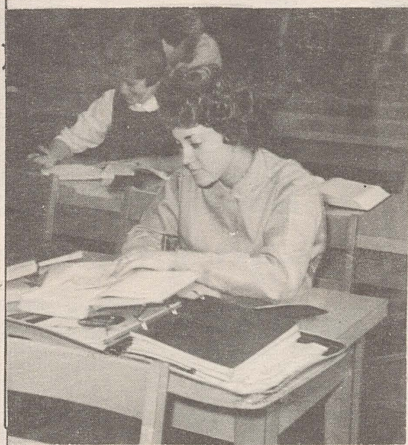


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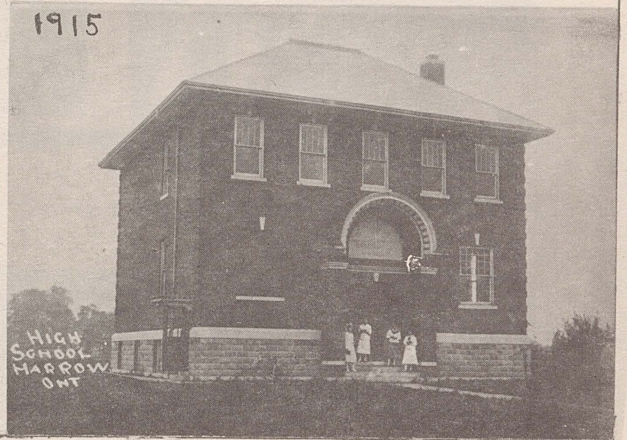
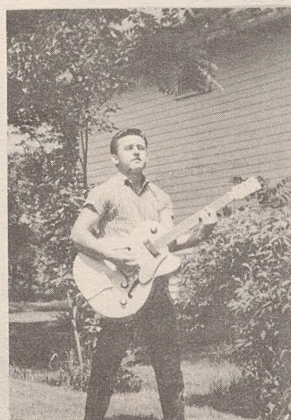
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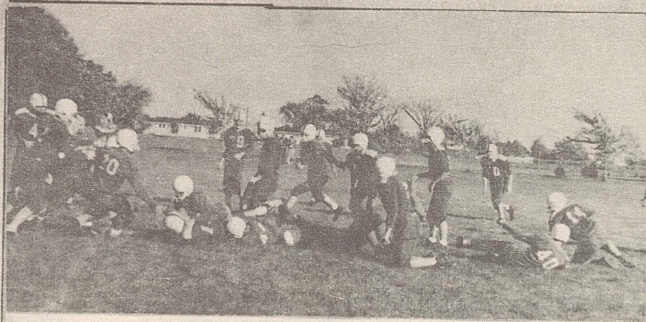


"Extra-Curricular Activities"



"A Day at the Races"



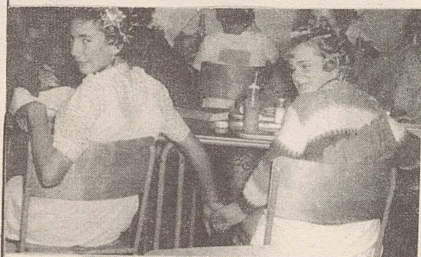


"Bargain Day at Woolco"

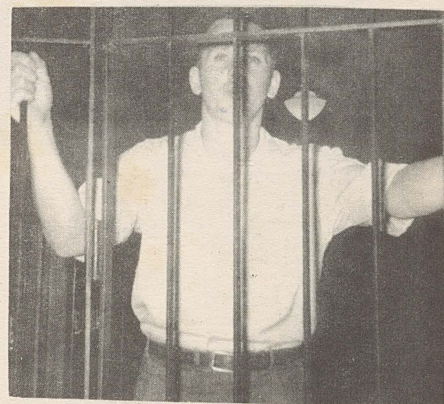
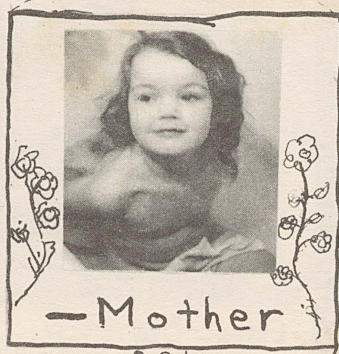
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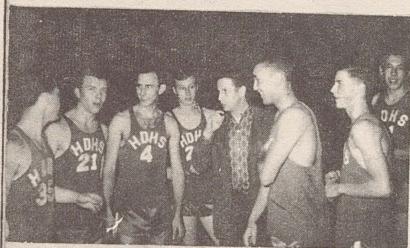
"Caught in the Darkroom"



"Young Love"



"Bill Got 'Pinched' for Pinching"



To H---! with the game -
let's go get a pizza





LITERARY

From The Halls Of Ivy

(By MR. E. YOUNG)

Pergratum addiscere is the motto of the Harrow District High School; translated from the Latin it means "Learning is a Pleasure". It would be interesting to delve into the origins of this choice for our motto; however, its inception seems shrouded in the mysteries of the past. As an alternative it is our purpose to examine the motto in the context of the needs and thoughts of high school students today.

At the beginning of a school year when the grade eight graduates gleefully begin their high school career they are brutally informed of the necessity of Work (with a capital W) by Mr. G. C. Young, the principal. Yet, they are told that learning is a pleasure! How may these seemingly opposite views be resolved? It is a curious paradox that human nature is so constituted that we do not appreciate or enjoy that which is acquired with no effort. I know a young fellow who would not trade his 1953 Ford which he has repaired, painted and polished for over two years for a 1963 Thunderbird. Learning what is worthwhile usually involves effort. And it seems that the satisfaction or pleasure resulting from such effort is proportionate in duration and intensity to the effort expended. Every year and in every subject a student is required to learn a mass of knowledge which in high school has been gleaned and organized for him to provide him with a basic foundation in a given area of knowledge. Apart from the utilitarian point of view, the pleasure derived from this particular field of knowledge will be determined by the effort put forth by the student. No one has come up with a machine or device that makes learning easy. Work is absolutely necessary.

What then is pleasureable learning? Learning that is supported by positive motivation is a pleasure even if it is very hard work. A student who is positively motivated realizes that his studies satisfy some of his higher needs. The healthy mind is inquiring, curious and needs to know. Healthy children enjoy growing and moving forward. Everyone is consciously or unconsciously attempting to realize his potential to the fullest possible extent. In order to attain this self-realization one must learn. Learning of this nature which is positively motivated toward the goal of self-actualization is a pleasure. And each striving step to-

ward the goal is rewarding. Learning thus becomes enjoyable and lasting. The mind of youth as it grows becomes aware eventually of increasing powers of perception, self-reliance and creativity. Learning now becomes self-generating since the satisfactions which come to the student come directly out of the learning activity itself. The material under study is meaningful to him; he sees in it some relationship to himself. Unfortunately, some students do not spend the time and energy required to earn these pleasures. Rather, they are negatively motivated. They expend the minimum energy required to pass a subject. Their motives are the avoidance of unpleasantness rather than fulfillment of their cognitive need and growth desires. The unpleasantness may take the form of parental displeasure, a teacher's reprimand or failure in a subject. Hence, study and learning takes place painfully and erratically under the strain of anxiety due to threat or potential threat. And what little is learned is soon forgotten through lack of desire to grow.

There are students in every grade at H.D.H.S. this year that have managed to gain the admiration of their fellow students through their consistent efforts in their studies. They are a source of inspiration to their peers; their efforts gain them the respect of their teachers; they are a source of pride for their parents. These students have discovered within themselves a self-propelling dynamism through realization of the spirit of the motto, Pergratum Addiscere.



Happiness

We have one purpose common to all of us—whether it is right or wrong—we are all seeking pleasure. All of us are trying to find Happiness. We are educated so that we will have a good life. We work for the rewards that allow us to have a good life. Even our religions prepare us for the “good life”. But the older we are and the more training we have to appreciate happiness, the harder it is to find it. Possibly our standards are too high by the time we have received our education.

Small children can be pleased by very little, for they know of nothing more. An adult is always comparing what he has to what he hasn't.

Happiness for a child is no more than a penny gum-ball hidden in his pocket and although it lasts only a moment, another pleasure is just as easily found.

Happiness is a caterpillar to watch, and a jar to keep him in. It could be no more than eating a water-melon outside in the middle of summer. A child can be happy just dreaming about what he wants. The adult thinks only of how much whatever he wants will cost him. But this doesn't mean that a child has no sense of economy. He is a shrewd buyer, he purchases only what will give him the most pleasure and can not be persuaded to take anything he doesn't want. A child can go to a movie and get twice as much enjoyment from it as an adult. Happiness for a child is sitting in the front row, looking straight up into Daniel Boone's face—living the entire picture—and then staying to see a second time. These little people don't know how a “grown-up” can see from way back in the middle of the theatre. But they're happy.

The child grows and so does his mind. Soon his values change. Gradually he wants more material things. Happiness then becomes a ball-point pen that writes on three different colours—or a three ring binder with a football player on the front. Happiness is anything that is locked and you have the key to—or—getting something in the mail with your name on it, not “in care of your father”.

Along with the material changes come the new personal tastes of the child. Daniel Boone is no longer the great avenger he once was. Horror movies now provide the entertainment. At this stage one of the greatest accomplishments possible is to actually finish a game of monopoly.

It is at this point that many children seem to be sadistic in their play habits—not because they're mean and want to hurt things but because they know no better. You pull a cat's tail—not to hurt her—but because it's the only place handy to pull. No normal happy child could possibly hurt an animal for pleasure. But many adults—said to be in control of their facilities—will kick and hurt animals just to hear them whimper and cower. They find

this pleasurable, but only a warped mind could derive pleasure from sadism.

We grow older and enter our teens. “The best time of life” say the adults, “more problems than ever” say the teenagers. We have, by this time been partially trained to enjoy ourselves. But the more we prepare for happiness the less we recognize it. The box of Kleenex we played with for hours when we were younger—pulling it apart possibly chewing it for a while,—no longer affords the companionship we want.

Now boys discover girls — girls discover boys. Yes, Discover! Oh, they were there before we noticed them all right—it's just that before they were never quite as interesting as that dead bird you could prod along with a stick or the bag of marbles you were saving for Spring. They just didn't interest us. In a way these new pleasures are more a problem than the earlier ones, but a problem is more fun with two people working on it.

To a teenager most pleasures are material but material things give us pleasure only until the novelty of them wears off. As we near adulthood we mustn't let money draw us towards what we think will make us happy. No one could be happy doing something they don't want to do. Choose the career that will let you do what you like best. You must keep your outlook on life, wide open, ready to appreciate all that's new while still enjoying the pleasures of a small child—the simple amusements—adding new pleasures as you experience them.

If you look back remember only the best times—if ahead look for the good—for Happiness is nothing more than optimism. Adults must have some pleasures—but I can't speak from experience for I am certainly not an adult—but—I have seen what pleases them. The more mature an adult is the less he looks for the material things of life. He is content with what he has.

Happiness to an adult is just knowing that his friends are happy. This is the intelligent outlook towards life's pleasures, and the one which we as teenagers must try to develop for it is the one we will want to have as adults. We must make the best of what we have.

George Bernard Shaw phrased it very nicely.—“What a pity that childhood is wasted on children.” I am certain that most adults wish that they could be pleased as easily as the small child who needs only the presence of his favourite toy to be content. Happiness isn't just that one little smile,—It's a day of smiles, each day,—for a year—for a lifetime.

Not a moments laugh but a lifetime's contentment.

HAROLD THRASHER.

Personality

"Personality," that magnetic and mysterious something that is easy to recognize but difficult to define, is not acquired from without; it is released from within. Every baby has, "personality plus." This is because a baby has no qualms about expressing himself. In his own language, mostly crying or cooing, he expresses his real feelings; and thus is a perfect example of the psychological dictum: "Be Yourself." He is not in the least inhibited because he is, at this stage, totally unself-conscious, and he will remain so until he enters into communication with other human beings.

In all social relationships we constantly receive signals which govern our freedom of expression. A smile, a frown, a hundred different subtle clues of approval or disapproval, interest or lack of interests; continually advise us how we are doing, whether we are getting across or not. Such signals can, of course, be helpful. But if you become too consciously concerned about what others think, inhibition results, and poor performance.

The path to the goal of the self-fulfilling, creative personality is a course between too much inhibition and too little. If you habitually rush in where angels fear to tread, or find yourself in hot water because of impulsive, ill considered actions, you probably have too little inhibition, — if however, you dread new and strange situations, feel inadequate and self-conscious and continually take a back seat, then you probably have too much inhibition.

One sure way of losing your own self-consciousness is to become genuinely interested in other people. Sincerely interested in their studies, jobs and hobbies, their likes and dislikes. People the world over like to talk, especially about themselves. Good listeners are always popular. To be an interesting person, you must be an interested person, and you are neither if you are not aware of the world beyond your home and your school. Have you read a good book lately? If you haven't you are passing up an opportunity to add to your charm. Reading enlarges your knowledge of a vast variety of things. It makes you alert to new ideas. Knowledge builds self-confidence, and this in itself adds to your personality.

It is important to remember that your appearance and personality are unique. In all the world there is no one

exactly like you. Too many of us make the mistake of trying to be a carbon copy of someone else. Often we make this same mistake in our thinking, by accepting other people's opinions and going along with the gang, rather than having the courage to do our own thinking and assert our own individuality.

Each of us has a talent to give to the world. Some have art ability — with the aid of a pencil and paper the scene before them comes to life. Others excel in the musical field, still others have a searching mind. While all of us may not be able to claim artistic talent, we all can give appreciation, interest, sympathy and encouragement to others.

A pleasing personality is one of God's greatest gifts. It opens doors for us the world over. The qualities that go to make up a desirable personality are varied and numerous, but no where is it expressed better than in the golden rule; "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

— BONNY KAY REID.



The Trans-Canada Highway

A new adventure is yours in Canada. Now you can drive across the country on an all-paved highway. Formal ceremonies in the autumn of 1960 opened the last two small gaps in the almost five thousand mile highway from St. John's, Nfld. in the east to Victoria, British Columbia on the Pacific Coast. The road crosses the country at its widest part. The Trans-Canada Highway, thirteen years in construction and bearing a two hundred thousand dollar-a-mile price tag is a reality and an engineering achievement on an epic scale.

For years the difficulties inherent in building a highway across the barrens and over the mountains of the globe's second largest land mass seemed insuperable. But pressures from travellers and industry grew intense. Over long months of study and negotiation terms for a national highway were hammered out: the federal government agreeing to pay half the construction cost, and to provide engineering advice.

One by one the provinces signed the agreement, and in 1949 the road builders rolled up their sleeves for one of the most formidable undertakings in the annals of highway construction. Every mile of road, no matter what the obstacles, was to meet rigid specifications.

Whether you start at either end or join the Trans-Canada Highway somewhere in the middle, you'll have ample scenic variety. This road passes through some of the best fishing regions on the continent and opens up large slices of territory never before accessible to motorists.

Let's start on the Atlantic Coast at St. John's, capital of Nfld., which became Canada's tenth province in 1949. As you travel the Trans-Canada Highway across this province you'll pass through the forest of the new Terra Nova National Park. You are never far from rugged ocean or river scenery. There will be plenty of opportunity to try for salmon, trout or tuna on the way, to shoot caribou, moose or bear. At Port aux Basques you board the ferry for the six and one half hour trip across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to North Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Not far from where you drive off the ferry at North Sydney you can see the shafts of coal mines which extend far out under the Atlantic Ocean. You will cross the Strait of Canso on the twenty-three million-dollar causeway completed in 1956. The Trans-Canada bypasses many of Canada's important cities, the first being Halifax.

The section of the Trans-Canada Highway on Prince Edward Island leads through rural areas to white sand beaches and fine golf courses.

You enter French-speaking Canada near Edmundston, New Brunswick. Here the St. Lawrence River can be crossed by Highway bridge or ferry. As you continue along the road you'll have a magnificent view of the rolling country along the St. Lawrence River. The main high-

way follows this river to Montreal, Canada's largest city and major seaport.

Westward from Montreal you'll cross a number of small lakes and rivers in route to Ottawa, Canada's capital city. As you cross into Ontario, the Gatineau Hills provide a magnificent background and you'll see lumber being rafted on the Ottawa River to the mills at Hull on the opposite shore. From Ottawa westward the highway skirts major cities through a forest and lakeland resort Evergreen trees predominate along blue waters where bass and trout provide sport. From Parry Sound north to the nickel-mining city of Sudbury, the highway was cut through rugged territory. The highway route westward from Sudbury, is through sparsely settled lake land, past lumber towns to Blind River and the near-by uranium mining town of Elliot Lake. Southward across the water can be seen Manitoulin Island, the world's largest fresh-water island, a fisherman's paradise. From Sault Ste. Marie, north, you'll be in territories untravelled before. High above the waters of Lake Superior, the Trans-Canada Highway has been carved with considerable engineering difficulty to open rugged new areas to vacationers.

From Nipigon, the highway skirts Lake Superior to the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William. Here huge elevators store the grain from the Western prairies.

The highway next passes Kenora, in the lake of woods area and soon crosses the boundary into the province of Manitoba, of which Winnipeg is the capital; at once you'll notice the expansiveness and newness of Western Canada.

Then you'll head westward, lakes and forests left behind. Now for hundreds of miles you'll travel across a slightly undulating treeless prairies. Gradually there will be more rolling country, a few more lakes and trees as you approach Calgary.

The highway next head for Banff, the mountains looming higher every mile. It leads through Banff to Golden and Revelstoke. From here the Trans-Canada-Highway gradually descends along a route following mountain rivers and picturesque lakes via Kamloops to Hope on the Thompson River. At Hope the route follows the turbulent Fraser River to Vancouver Island.

Victoria, capital of British Columbia is almost the end of the Trans-Canada Highway. A four hour boat trip across the island-studded St. of Georgia to Vancouver Island brings you to this garden city where even the lamp posts are decorated with hanging flower pots. You will meet the fishermen, lumberjacks, miners, city folk, farmers and Indians. the people who live and work across Canada as you travel the new all-paved Trans-Canada Highway across the continent.

CAROL CARR, Grade II

Physical Fitness

Are we content to be merely free of sickness or do we wish to be heartily healthy? Instead of answering "not so bad" when someone asks "how do you feel?" do we wish to reply with an enthusiastic "great!"?

We are well acquainted with the toll of sickness, the serious, sometimes tragic consequences of neglect of physical care. Let us try, now, to accustom ourselves to the thought and experience of being positively physically fit.

When we raise our standard of physical fitness higher than mere freedom from contagious disease, we find that we are in the realm of personal effort. Good health is the responsibility of us individually.

The art of hygiene is very simple. Perhaps that is why it is so often neglected. Cleanliness, a wholesome diet, exercise according to one's needs, and mental attitude of confidence, hopefulness, and calmness are the basic laws of health.

The art of healthful living is not being carried into action by people in North America today nor is it being taught to the citizens of tomorrow. The children of families on this prosperous North American continent, with what we boast as the highest standard of living in the world, do not measure up favourably on simple tests of muscular efficiency, stamina, and endurance with children of European countries.

What is the cause of this failure? General opinion leans to the belief that the typical way of life is to blame. Children are driven everywhere. Their recreation becomes increasingly passive. Movies and television take up much of their time. Children receive medical care for polio and other treatments for diseases but sight is lost of the need for the child's muscular development.

No one is suggesting that we turn back the clock so as to provide the exercise given by chores no longer necessary; but, we must fill by other means the body-building place of these human physical exercises.

We have spectator sports in plenty, but only a few are on the team — the participants are the only ones getting any muscular exercise; the rest are admirers only exercising their lungs.

Participation should be required of every child just as strictly as attendance of class. The fortunate ones on the teams will look after their own muscular development. Attention needs to be paid to the hundred or thousand in

every school who are not on one of the athletic squads.

The trouble does not only lie among the children. I quote Dr. F. G. Robertson of the Canadian Health League: "We Canadians are a nation of riders and spectators, not walkers and participants". unquote. One sits in an office all day, rides a bus home, then sits before a television all evening. Remember "The Health of a Nation is the Wealth of a Nation."

Today's adult people should adjust their bodies to the changing conditions of modern life so as to keep them in reasonably good shape. This can be easily done by giving their bodies regular and intelligent care, sufficient sleep and rest, a balanced and adequate diet, and daily physical activity.

The worth of exercise rests upon a basic principle: "The Law of Use." The Father of Medicine Hippocrates, declared in the fourth century B.C. "That which is used develops and that which is not used wastes away." Other than developing muscles in our body, exercise tends to lessen states of tension and contributes to weight control. Fat shuns the active muscles of those who do not limit their daily ration of calories to the amount they balance with exercise.

Our emphasis of physical fitness should be shifted from "freedom from disease" to "the best possible health". This sort of fitness may be summarized as the ability to fill one's place as an active member of society, without fatigue and with an energy reserve to meet unexpected stresses.

In the everyday work field, such a state of well-being will have good effects upon our job opportunities, chances of promotion, and earnings; also it will extend to give us emotional stability, mental security and social adequacy.

The suggestion that we can be better than we are faces two stages of opposition. First, some say it is ridiculous and second, some say that the proposed betterment is not needed — that our present state fitness is good enough.

But those who push on from feeling "pretty well" to feeling "very well" gain a rich reward. Instead of raising gravestones to mark the spots where great hopes perished for lack of physical vigor, the wise person will rejoice in the strength to do his work and to achieve his happiness.

DENIS HARRISON, Grade X.

Small Boys

They are the most unpredictable, unsophisticated, unwashed yet unavoidable creatures on God's earth. With a smack and a hollar they are introduced to this big, uncertain world of ours, and for the next ten years it's their world. Oh, but it shall be thoroughly investigated, you bet; not a stone shall be left unturned by those poking, little fingers and inquisitive minds. Questions will be asked, answers will be demanded. The world will awaken at seven and go to sleep at eight. Laughing and crying, whispering and shouting, giggling and whimpering will be our sound. The sun, the moon and the result of their imaginations will be our light. A sensitive love and a bold, gentle shyness will be our atmosphere. Yes, those wild imaginings, that endless thirst to learn, and a great capacity for love will be the world of our small boy.

It is seven o'clock. Already the sun is straining its rays through the kitchen screen door and playing hide-and-seek with a few, threatening, grey-bottomed clouds. The world of nature has long since commenced in its daily chores, yet the household of our small boy has not so much as stirred. Finally there is a thud on the floor above; and then another, a scuffling of little slippers and an irregular clomp, clomp, clomp down the stairs, ending in a slide and a bang as he misses the last two steps and lands squarely, bottoms down, on his back bumper in the middle of the kitchen floor. But this is nothing unusual; besides, he is still too drowsy to know just exactly what has happened; so up he gets teetering dangerously until he once more establishes his bearings and sets a half steady course towards his mother. Feeling her apron strings untied with two experienced little tugs, his mother turns around to face one, small boy, with his house coat on inside out, his slippers on the wrong feet, his eyes still half shut and his little mouth puckered up waiting for his good morning kiss.

By ten o'clock this same little boy is the livest wire on the street. Why there are ant hills to be investigated trees to be climbed, cats to be chased, new stories to be invented and a hundred other things to be done, all in one short day. But there is one problem; who is he going to play with today? Yesterday his playmates were two fat fish worms. Oh, but they were great friends, they were. They didn't talk much, probably because they were shy, but they were good listeners. Unfortunately he had forgotten to remove them from his pant's pockets and they met with a fatal end in the bottom of his mother's washing machine, along with a shiny new penny, a rock, two rusty nails, a broken pencil, his mother's tape measure and an apple core, all of which were readily confiscated by an unsuspecting, somewhat horrified mother. Oh well, mother is a female, what else can you expect from her? Now, let's investigate that ant hill. Surely there will be some friendly ants there today with nothing better to do than to capture the interest of a small boy, and if this plan doesn't prove itself, there is always mother to bother. She always has lots of things to do. So off he goes like a streak of lightning towards the ant

hill at the corner of the fence.

By two o'clock those threatening clouds have won the game of hide-and-seek and have developed into a thunder storm which looks as if it will be one of those "all afternoon" affairs. Our poor small boy! His whole day is shot and he had so many plans for this afternoon. Now from behind the living room curtains we can see one, small, tear-stained face peeping out at the sheets of rain and then suddenly withdrawn at every clap of thunder, to be buried in the nearest pillow until that horrible noise has ceased. Wonder what causes such a noise anyways? Cathy Lawrence down the street said that it was God moving his furniture around, but Jimmy Dun next door said that she was a big liar because he just happened to know the truth. "There is a big bear up there somewhere," he said. "Every time it rains he gets real, real mad at everybody on this world, so he growls and if you go outside when it's raining, do you know what he'll do? He'll claw you to death." This last part was said with such force and dramatized so effectively that even Cathy Lawrence didn't dare question his theory. "I can prove that he's up there too," said Jimmy, his chest beginning to swell a little as he saw the eyes of his audience grow steadily larger with every word he spoke; "Because every night when the stars are out bright, you can see his outline in the top of the sky, and do you know what he's doing up there on those bright nights? Why he is looking all over the earth for people to claw next time it rains." Well, there certainly was no question as to who was telling the truth in the mind of our small boy now, besides Cathy Lawrence is a girl and Jimmy says that girls are just something that crawled out from under a rock and they really shouldn't be here, so never listen to what they have to say. Now here comes our little boy's mother with some pop corn and a new game. Three minutes later he is so wrapped up in his game you'd never know it was raining.

By eight o'clock that night the mother of our small boy is guiding him to his bed. "And there's this big bear up there Mommy, and he growls an' . . .". She lifted his legs and put him under the covers. "An' when it rains he growls real loud, and you know what else? At night time he comes out in the sky and you know what he's doin'? . . .". She pulled the sheet up under his chin and planted a kiss on his little forehead. "He's lookin for people to claw". "Yes sweetie, we'll talk about it in the morning, OK?" whispered his mother and flicked off the light. By eight fifteen all we could see of our little boy was one small face fast asleep on his pillow with the sheet pulled right up to his chin and clasped loosely at the top by eight little fingers. Beside his bed was his house-coat and slippers neatly arranged for morning, but which would be put on in the same manner as they had been this morning. On the face of our small boy was the most innocent, angelic expression ever seen as he entered his second world; a world of dreams.

— SANDRA McLAINE

Ten Commandments Of School

- 1) Thou shalt not fear the principal.
(Let him know who's boss). (Him).
- 2) Thou shalt honour thy teacher.
(Pester him to death).
- 3) Thou shalt not drive thy teacher to his grave.
(Let him get his own transportation).
- 4) Thou shalt not talk in class.
(Yell, you'll get more attention).
- 5) Thou shalt not cheat in exams.
(Open your textbook, you'll do better).
- 6) Thou shalt not chew gum in class.
(Blow bubbles).
- 7) Thou shalt not wander around the classroom
(Stagger, you'll get publicity).
- 8) Thou shalt not skip to the cafeteria.
(Run you'll get there faster).
- 9) If thou get a detention, don't forget about it.
(Just skip it).
- 10) Thou shalt not destroy school property.
(Wreck it as fast as you can).

— Courtesy of Jim Mulder.



Modern Comforts We Owe To Science

Take a look around you. See if you can count the number of conveniences we owe to science. The radio you are listening to, the stove that is cooking your supper, and even the light that enables you to read are only a few of the modern comforts we owe to science. See that car going down the street and hear the aeroplane going overhead. These occurrences that seem common-place to us would not have been possible without science.

Let us first consider the radio. Radio is a general term for the communication systems employing electromagnetic waves. The existence of these waves was first established theoretically by James Clerk Maxwell in 1873. These waves were first introduced experimentally by Heinrich Hertz in 1886 using an oscillating discharge through a spark gap. The first demonstration of radio communication was made by Marconi in 1894. The modern development of radiotelephony and other forms of radio communications is based on the perfection of the vacuum tube by Sir John Fleming. The transistor radio, that nearly every teenager possesses, is the twentieth century's version of Marconi's radio.

Science also contributed to the comforts of the telephone. Can you imagine having to walk to a neighbor's house everytime you wanted to talk to him or having to write to all your friends to inform them of a club meeting. We owe it all to Alexander Graham Bell. He invented the first telephone in 1876. Ever since those famous words "I hear you Watson" were uttered, people have been corresponding with each other over the telephone. Modern telephone systems include amplifiers to increase the electrical power for conversations over long distances, special transmission devices which permit the sending of many messages over the same line at the same time, and elaborate automatic switching systems. All of these devices connected with the telephone would not have been possible without the aid of science. The most important use of the telephone is that of its use in case of emergency. The telephone places the doctor, fire department, and police at our fingertips.

Let us not forget television. Science enables the transmission of moving images by wire which makes television possible. Television was first invented by the German Paul Nyskow in 1884. Without his hard work we would not be able to see our favorite programmes each evening. Television in color, which involves the simultaneous transmission of red, green, and blue images, is a modern scientific development.

I am sure that all will agree with me when I say that the radio, telephone and television are comforts. Unfortunately, we sometimes take advantage of them. For a moment just consider what our life would be like without these modern comforts we owe to science.

— STU WATSON



Slumber

The lake lay asleep under the hot midday sun. Not a ripple could be seen to disturb the glossy surface. In the foreground the tall, majestic maples were reflected with perfect likeness in the mirror of water, almost to the point where, at first glance, one would be inclined to believe that the trees grew in the water. A few rushes on the shore dipped and bowed to the blue depths, as if to admire their slender, green bodies. Presently a fawn came to the edge and gingerly dipped her moist mouth into the water to quench her thirst; but, so startled was she with her image looking back, that the frightened animal leapt back into the forest. Peaceful and undaunted the lake continued its slumber.

—EVA KMOSENA

A Nonny Mouse

This year we had a mascot. Perhaps you have seen copies taken of our fellow, for example: The Bullwinkle Show (beloved by some of our better students). His dreamy eyes and ever present look of intelligence caused many of the fairer sex to swoon over his picture; thus increasing our sales. He has picked up many friends since he has been at our school, (fleas, lice, etc.). Many of these guests founded happy homesteads in the tuff of his hair, between those felt covered hat-racks. He never complains but one day he mentioned that his biggest problem is buying a hat. I asked him why and his answer was, "It's obvious isn't it, I've got flat feet."



A Good Meal

Nothing is more delightful than a good meal after a hard day's work. A white clothed table bubbling over with the tantalizing aroma of snowy white mashed potatoes, crisp fried chicken and the trimmings are most alluring. Mashed potatoes are at their best when smooth and creamy, smothered with thick, brown, mouth-watering gravy. To give that all important main course that something special, a crunchy tossed green salad could not be beat.

What meal would be complete without dessert? Ice-cream and cake would satisfy any person with the biggest sweet tooth. Chocolate or marshmallow syrup may be poured over your favorite flavor. To add a festive air to your dessert a tempting cherry would make a perfect topping.

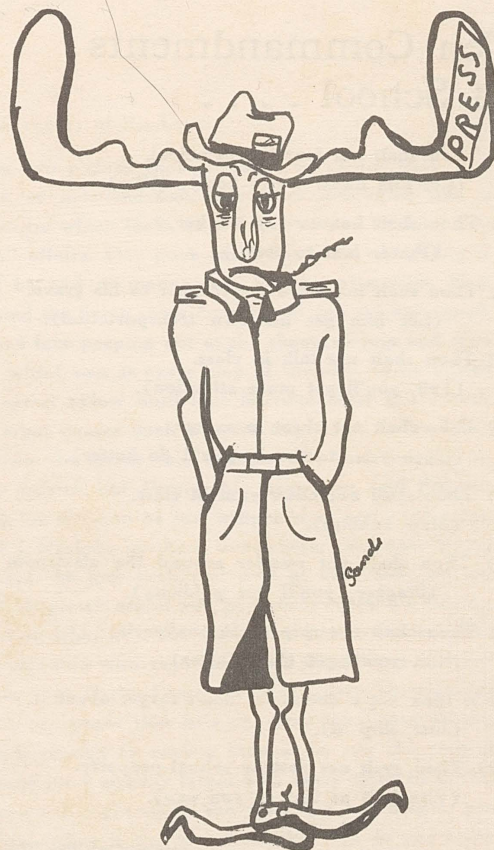
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